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EXPONENT II

SPRING 1982

VOL. 8 NO. 3



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Editorial

THE TEMPLE: A PERSONAL VIEW

There is a renewed emphasis being placed on temple ordinances by the church leadership. The sacred rites and instructions received in the temple can be more meaningful if we share appropriate thoughts and feelings with each other.

Having grown up a Mormon, my exposure to religious symbolism was limited to the sacrament, baptism, and confirmation. Therefore, when I was married in the temple almost fifteen years ago, I was overwhelmed by signs, symbols, and images that seemed strange to me. Another surprise that added to the strangeness surrounding me came when I discovered that men and women were separated during the endowment. I had envisioned the temple ceremony as one that would unify my husband and me in spirit, mind, and purpose. I found the separation difficult to bear.

Not until fourteen years after that original endowment did I again visit the temple. This was partially due to the fact that we were in the eastern and southern United States for my husband's training, where temples were not easily accessible, and partly due to a period of about five years of our marriage when family activities took precedence over spiritual activities. It was partially due to a lack of desire to attend the temple, and partially due to a lack of worthiness. Because of the stability that five years in one place and older children brought, the gospel and its eternal values have become the focal point of our lives. Therefore, perhaps not surprisingly, when I returned to the temple last year, my reactions were completely different, tempered by an emotional, intellectual, and spiritual maturity that was lacking fifteen years ago.

During that weekend at the temple, I contrasted my feelings about the temple to my initial experience. Fifteen years ago I didn't want to be separated from my husband in the temple; now I can see that we must account for ourselves to the Lord. A woman's identity cannot be dependent on the accomplishments of her husband, especially before the Lord. The sameness of the clothing that I found unattractive as a young bride now symbolizes equality; its color, purity. I now highly value the signs and symbols that earlier I had found so strange. They evoke celestial images that bring new insights into my relationship with the Lord. The initiatory blessing that I once found strange is now the most cherished of my temple experiences: I am physically and spiritually touched by the beautiful blessings given during the washing, anointing, and laying on of hands by the female temple workers.

Not knowing what to expect on that first trip to the temple, I did not come away with understanding nor, I am afraid, spirituality--only confusion. I now make a point of finding and thinking about or discussing with someone afterwards at least one new thought from each temple session I attend. The ideas I find myself returning to most often are issues concerning roles played by women in the temple--for instance, the lack of reference to our Heavenly Mother or Her role in the creation process. I feel sure She must have taken part. I am also fascinated by Eve's role. Her portrayal as a convenience for Adam because it was not good for him to be alone is not satisfying to me. However, I like the way her decision to partake of the fruit of knowledge is dealt with.

It was not a blind decision. Eve seems to balance the consequences of breaking the Lord's commandment with the reward of becoming as God, of attaining a God-like knowledge of good and evil. Weighing unquestioning obedience against a conscious decision to break a commandment to gain what she judged as a necessary step towards godhood was a scary and brave step to make, but I think Eve felt positively about her action. After her rebuke by the Lord, however, she becomes an adjunct to her husband, never to be addressed, heard from, nor considered again.

I still come away from the temple with lots of questions, but the questions are of a different nature than I had on that first trip. The strangeness I feel in the temple, so different from my daily experiences, now jars me, causing me to think and feel deeply rather than leaving me confused. The temple building, impressive in size and beauty, seems to diminish the importance of everyday problems and to emphasize the purity, beauty, and simplicity of God's plan for us. In the temple I drop all responsibilities but the spiritual. I have the luxury of concentrating on the temple symbolism, the added insight into the creation of the earth, the implications for me of Eve's conscious choice to become as God, the role of Satan in the creation story and in the world today, and my potential mastery over him.

I need the spiritual and intellectual renewal I experience in the temple to keep my life on course, to give me the strength and conviction to plod on, while perhaps setting the course a little steeper, the sights a little higher.

Roslyn Udall
Belmont, Massachusetts

Bridging Two Cultures: Vernice Wineera Pere

I don't know, exactly, what I expected a Maori poet to look like, but I do know that I didn't expect her to look like Vernice Wineera Pere (pronounced "pear-ray"). I would have guessed that Vernice was from a sophisticated metropolis--Chicago, perhaps, or New York. She is cultured, simple, elegant, refined. She has both a gentleness and a gentility that make her engaging. She has a gift for poetry.

Vernice was born in New Zealand to a five-generation Mormon Maori family. Until she was about ten, she lived with her grandparents in a Maori village. Her grandmother was English, her grandfather Maori. She spent the next five years in Australia with her parents, returning to live in her grandmother's home until she married at age nineteen.

Vernice and her husband remained in New Zealand for one year and then went to Hawaii to college. They have lived in Hawaii ever since except for two separate three-year periods--one when her husband was a pilot in the New Zealand Air Force and another when they served a mission in New Zealand for the Church.

Exponent: First let me ask you about your creative ability. I'm sure that part of it is a gift, but could part of it have come from your family heritage?

Vernice: Well, perhaps. My father was a comedian; he worked with theatre and dance most of his life. He was also a good artist. I've really not had any art training, to speak of, but I do like to dabble--paintings and woodcuts, mostly. From that I've begun to take an interest in photography, and now photography interests me most. I find it to be a much more satisfying medium because it doesn't take so long to get a return. I can snap a photograph, and within a day or so have the print or color slide to see whether I've got a good one or not. I've found photography very satisfying. I guess the writing is part of that, too.



Vernice Wineera Pere

Exponent: What is the relationship between the writing and the photography and the art?

Vernice: To appreciate and pursue art, and to be able to write in a way that will touch other people, you need a certain sensitivity that I think is common to all the arts. I've had very little training--I took a one-semester course in creative writing before my mission--but I do feel that sensitivity.

Exponent: Only one course?

Vernice: That's all. Writing has been in many ways a solitary pursuit for me. I've learned what I know about poetry because I've read everything I could find. I've read all the poets in the library, and in that way discovered the rules of good writing.

Exponent: When and how did you begin to write?

Vernice: Well, I began in my English classes. One teacher, Dr. Gordon Thomas, taught Shakespeare's sonnets, and he set an assignment once

that we try our hand at writing a sonnet. I did and found I could do it, so I began writing sonnets. Everything I wrote was a sonnet! Then I discovered other forms in poetry--haiku, the Japanese form--and I tried my hand at that. Gradually, I got around to a kind of free verse. I really don't know how you would describe my poems, but for the most part they're unrhymed. I do, however, try to use some internal rhymes and different rhythms as well as the repetition of sounds and words.

Exponent: So your writing career began with the sonnets?

Vernice: Yes. When we came to Hawaii in 1960, I had a six-month-old baby. That was when I enrolled in my first semester of school. By the end of that semester I was pregnant again, and we decided that maybe I should stay home and watch the children until my husband was through school. Then it would be my turn again. But we had seven children and that took a lot of years. I no sooner got back in school than we received our mission call, so I put the rest of my education off again. When I finally graduated with a bachelor's degree in English, it had been seventeen years since that first semester. What I learned during that time set the direction for my poetry. The English classes made me appreciate good literature and want to be involved with the language. I began to love words and playing around with them--their ambiguity. Now I feel the need for some formal instruction and training in poetry, some discipline. I've sort of blundered along on my own all these years, and now I long for some proper classroom instruction.

Exponent: When I heard you read last year, I felt that the creative spark in your work was the tension between your Maori heritage and your Mormon heritage. It seemed to create a certain--the word I always use is pain--

Vernice: Conflict?

Exponent: Yes, conflict--that transfers into your work both in subject matter and in perspective. What would you say about that?

Vernice: I feel that's a correct assessment. The Church went into the Pacific 150 years ago--very early in its history. But it displaced the culture, in New Zealand especially, so that everything--all publications, all church services--was in English. The Maori language had already begun to decline because of such emphasis. My husband went to a small country school, a Maori school, and he remembers getting the strap for speaking Maori on the playground.

Exponent: On the playground?

Vernice: Yes. Children were not allowed to speak Maori; it was considered that a favor was being done to them to teach them English. Unfortunately, the Maori language began to die. In New Zealand today, many Maoris who belong to Catholic or Maori churches criticize Mormon Maoris. They say, "Well, you know, you're not proper Maoris any more: You don't speak the language; you've lost the culture; the Mormon Church doesn't promote the culture as the other churches do." And in many ways they are correct.

We used to hold Maori language church services on fast Sunday afternoon, after all the other services were taken care of, with the Tongans and the Samoans in New Zealand. Some of the church leadership frowned on that practice. This hurts a little because now the Church seems to have changed its thinking. In Japan the emphasis is not on English; in South America it isn't; in Europe it isn't. But because of our long history with the Church, we have been treated differently in the Pacific.

Perhaps it is because we were the first to be proselytized that that had to happen--I don't know--but many Mormons who are Maori regret this loss of cultural ties and feel they could be better contributing members to the wider community in New Zealand if they had retained their culture a little more. If the Church had allowed the language to continue in church services and so on, that may have happened. It's only conjecture, of course. It may not have, too.

Exponent: Do you feel a personal loss because of that?

Vernice: Well, I wish that I could speak my language, but I can't. I do feel a loss in that way. But an interesting point here: Ariel Balliff pointed out to me that culture can be constricting, can strangle the spirit. I know that the Church's emphasis on leaving cultural heritage behind and turning to English was motivated by that fear.

Some of our cultural heritage is simply not acceptable today in a Christian context--cannibalism, for instance. We can't argue our way out of it. Also tattooing the face and body. There are some instances today in Samoa where tattooing has persisted. In New Zealand it hasn't, but in Samoa a body tattoo from the hip to the knees on a man is considered a sign of masculinity and dedication to the culture.

In some cases young Mormons who've graduated from BYU-Hawaii have gone home and, because of their birthright, have taken titles in their culture that are esteemed and status symbols to their families. Along with the titles has come the need to be tattooed. When they have done so, they have faced the criticism of Church members and leaders who say it is not acceptable in the gospel. There's a dilemma.

Exponent: Yes, being faithful to their culture or faithful to their church.

Vernice: And if the Church is paramount in their lives, it means turning their backs on some of these cultural things and embracing the Church wholeheartedly. But I wonder about people in other cultures--how much do they have to give up in order to embrace the Church? Do the Japanese have to give up much of their culture in order to be faithful Latter-day Saints? Do Mexicans? I think that this is the most important question facing the Church today, because we are now a worldwide church.

Exponent: What does that mean for your poetry? for Mormon literature generally?

Vernice: We Mormons who are writing come from diverse cultures. And that's all we have--our roots, our heritage. Our identity is our basic well to draw from. Now if what we have to say is not going to be acceptable to the Mormon community, then we can't make a contribution. I think that in the writing of the coming world Church there's going to have to be an acceptance and encouragement of cultural symbols. I think

the Church should be the foremost organization to spread the brotherhood of man, and I don't think we do that by displacing cultural heritage. We do it by learning of each other's values, by sharing them and encouraging them. And we grow the richer because of it.

Exponent: Is most of your writing concerned with your Maori heritage?

Vernice: No. The greater part is about everyday things, universals. One of my favorite poems is called "New Bicycle," and it's simply about my teenage daughter getting a new ten-speed bike. There is another one called "Skate Boarder" that is about my ten-year-old son riding a skate board; there is no Maori cultural symbolism in it at all. But I have felt the need to explore my ethnic heritage. My next big goal is to explore my gospel heritage in a serious and sincere way, to write some religious poetry and do it with excellence. That's a challenge because I find religious poetry difficult.

Exponent: That leads me right to my next question. One of the things that I have noticed about your poetry, and that attracted me to it, was that you acknowledge the conflict you mentioned--that there are not easy answers for everything, that some things remain dilemmas. One of the criticisms I've heard repeatedly about Mormon literature is that it can't be great because we have all the answers. Do you think that we do, or do you think there is room for exploration, even in a religious sense?

Vernice: I admit that the gospel has all the answers, but I think that in individual lives there's a striving to accept those answers, to understand them. That's where we get down to basic human needs to comprehend why there is suffering, pain, and disappointment, and why interpersonal relationships are not all easily achieved. All of these universals are below the surface of what we usually consider to be gospel answers. When I think of Joseph Smith--it is the 122nd section of the Doctrine and Covenants--everything was for his experience, even his suffering. That we can experience, then, becomes a key to our life. The gospel doesn't remove us from experiencing disappointment, failure and success, joy and love. I think a healthy exploration of all of these should be in our literature. Many people point out that one of the failings of Mormon literature is that we gloss over some of them and we tend to be preachy.

One of my most successful religious poems is called "At the Wall." It came from an experience I had early one morning in Jerusalem when I finally saw the Wailing Wall. In that poem I'm basically pleading with God that the wall between Him and me will be removed so that we can have full communication. Now should there be a wall, for a Mormon, between her and God? I'm assuming that everyone else knows there is one, even though it's never mentioned, because I feel one many times. I think art can show the gospel in a fuller light--by highlighting some of these deeper feelings, by examining the universals in our lives.

Exponent: I want to ask you about honesty in your poetry--honesty in terms of accuracy of description and also honesty in terms of self-revelation.

Vernice: Maybe I'll start with the latter because that's the hardest. I think that for every writer and poet honesty to a great extent means vulnerability. If I feel particularly vulnerable about some themes, I will probably not choose to write about them rather than try to avoid revealing myself too much as I write, because I've learned that complete honesty is essential or the poem just doesn't work. It makes no sense for me to appear to be something in a poem that I'm really not. It just doesn't come off. I'll never like such a poem because I'll always know that it isn't completely honest.

Now, as for honesty and its connection with accuracy of description, I have a poem called "The Visit" that is about my returning home after many years to visit with my father, who is very, very old and in ill health. I describe my father smoking his pipe. When I wrote that, I thought, now where can I send this poem? I can't send it to *The Ensign*: He's smoking a pipe. Should I leave it out? But if I had left it out, it wouldn't be about my father because he was always smoking that pipe--even though he was born a member of the Church.

Exponent: I remember that poem.

Vernice: I have another poem about my grandfather. He used to come home drunk and open up his bag and pull out little goodies like chocolate bars for us when we were children. In the poem, I talk about the whiskey on his breath. Now there's another one that I can't send to *The Ensign*. What do I do with these

poems? And yet to leave out those characteristics is to leave out a great chunk of the personalities of these men who played a major part in my life and whom I love dearly. So I'm being honest and accepting them the way they are and loving them. In fact, I think I say in the poem that I love my grandfather's brown, wrinkled skin and I even love the smell of his whiskey breath. That might be jarring to some Mormons--I don't know--but it's honest. So honesty is an unwritten rule in my poetry.

Honesty means exploring, for instance, the jealousy you feel even though jealousy is not a gospel principle. But if you can explore it and state it honestly, then I think you've been true to your art as well as to yourself. And I think you've been true to your membership, too.

Exponent: That's an insightful and important comment for Mormon writers--and readers--to consider. If we will be honest about everything we write, then spiritual experiences we record will also be believable. They are as real as anything else, but if the author is not honest about the rest of the story, how can the reader trust the religious accounts?

Vernice: I think the opposite of that honesty in writing is the manipulation of people's emotions. We've all been to movies where we know we've been manipulated into a sentimental mood and that everything possible has been worked on us to elicit a response. It is refreshing to see a movie or read a book or a poem where we aren't set up, where the facts are just laid out and allowed to work on our spirits. Sometimes the line is fine, but I do try to avoid manipulation when I write.

Exponent: There does seem to be an unfortunate leaning towards easy, manipulative poetry and literature by many Mormon writers and readers alike. They are afraid of, or offended by, the honesty, the exploration you speak of. Have you experienced setbacks because of that?

Vernice: Once in a while. To be a Mormon writer can be a lonely struggle. I've found that not everyone is interested in publishing poetry. They say that it doesn't sell, which is sad for young writers in the Church. Sometimes I've had work accepted by the Church but the cultural symbols edited out of it--and I've felt that the heart has been taken out of my work.

Exponent: Is there anything you can think of that may help correct that?

Vernice: I don't know. I wish we had one creative writing journal in the Church that Mormon writers worldwide could submit work to. I think then we would begin to have Shakespeares and Miltons. You know? The dream and the ideal is here, but I sometimes don't know where the encouragement is.

Brother Merrill Bradshaw, the composer, has said to me, "You must continue to write. You've been a bridge between your culture and the Mormon culture of today. But just remember one thing. Bridges get walked on." I learned a lot from that. He said something else that chastened and yet pleased me. He said that he doesn't write his music for the Wasatch Front, and he doesn't write it for the Church as a whole. He writes it for the Lord. I've been happy with that. If what I write is not acceptable in one area of the Church, a particular poem or story, fine. I know it's acceptable to the Lord because it's basically honest. If it's truthful, I can feel good about it. If others don't accept it, that's their problem. That's what I work with now, that one piece of encouragement. I don't think I could explore what I want to explore in any other way. Even the poems that use cultural symbolism work in that context. If I explore a cultural theme and feel that the Lord would feel good about it, then I'm not worried about how some people may receive it. I'm writing for the Lord.

With such insight, inspiration, and talent, Vernice is bound to make a major contribution to the writing of the Church. We are honored to feature her poetry in this issue of Exponent II.

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Editor's Note: Vernice is the Public Relations Director of the Polynesian Cultural Center. Her poetry has been published in Maori magazines and journals and in *The Ensign*. Her first book, *Ma'hanga: Pacific Poems*, was published by the Institute of Polynesian Studies at BYU-Hawaii in 1978. Her second book, published by the Polynesian Cultural Center, includes with her own poetry that of several women writers with whom she had been working in Laie. She also edited this volume, called *Ka Po'e o Laie* (The People of Laie). Both books are available through the BYU Bookstore, Provo, Utah 84602.

the poetry and photography of Vernice Wineera Pere

In this issue we are featuring the poetry and photography of Vernice Wineera Pere. She writes of her photography, "I like to catch people when they are not wearing their 'public' faces, and when they are in an introspective mood. I am excited, always, by the dignity and grace of the human spirit, and it is that elusive element that I hope to capture in the photos."

"I suppose photography is, in many ways, like poetry. One is always seeking a fresh, creative way of looking at the world, and must always be alert for that moment when poetry happens. Another similarity is the fact that poetry never judges, but strives always to sense the values within the subject."

Because some of the words she uses in her poetry are Maori, she has provided this glossary of terms:

fern leaf symbol--laid at feet of visitor as a sign of welcome; marae--village meeting-place; teko-teko--carved defiant figure atop meeting house.

One of the most visible traditional symbols of the Maori people is tattooing the body and face. In New Zealand, both warriors and chiefs were without dignity and honor unless they wore full facial tattoo, and women wore lip and chin tattoos for beauty.



heritage

Take the sharpened pipi shell,
piece of paua, bird-bone,
razor-blade if you like.
Carve upon my face the marks
of Maoritanga. Let the blood spurt
and dribble down my chin
like the moko of the old women
wrapped in blankets round the cooking-fire.
Rub the juices in the wounds,
charcoal, vegetable dye, India Ink.
Make beautiful the design, like
the young fern curled across the moon,
or the kiwi feathers in grandfather's proud cloak.
Seek the patterns of the paua's inner shell,
the curl of kumara vine.
Trace the call of the karanga across the marae,
the nose-flute in the night.
Slice the flesh like the teko-teko's stare.
The soft flesh, lip, membrane, skin.
Cut statistics on my face:
name, age, place of birth, race,
village, tribe, canoe.
Carve deeply, erase doubt
as to who
I am.
Use the sharpened pipi shell,
bird-bone, razor-blade.
Use them harshly, lacerate
my legacy upon me
where all who can read
will perceive that I am
taking my place on this vast marae
that is the Pacific.

poet

Like Icarus, his wings
are glued to muscles
taut upon his human arms.
The feathered words ruffle
in the lonely upper air
where no crowds acclaim
and only the stare
of the passing eagle's beady eye
fixes its criticism
on his glad flight.

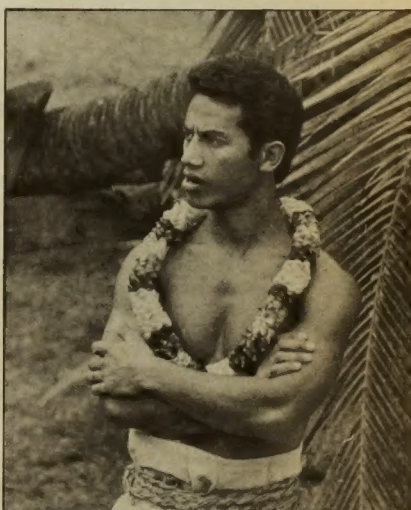
Like Icarus, and unlike other men,
he feels the furnace breath
of fame brief upon his back
when, soaring, he has touched the sun
between his rise and set
and known both poignancy
of wordlessness,
and euphoric flight.

What does it matter
that we know he will fall
unceremoniously,
plummeting awkwardly, arms
and legs flailing,
into the blue Aegean,
words torn loose, fluttering
about him, snatches of life
floating lightly
earthwards again?

What does it matter,
if once, even once,
he flies with such grace?

transcendental thought

There is a certain grace
to island living
born of the merge
of man and the ocean
which surrounds
the tenuous rock
we call home.
The imperceptible
encroachment of the tide
upon our lives
becomes something
we take for granted,
like our right to be here
in the first place.
The unobtrusive
slapping of the waves
quietly reminding us
of the ocean at our doors
seems insignificant sometimes,
in spite of its constancy,
--tuned as we are
to drum and bugle
and the clamor of
a century's importance,
though why,
we can neither fathom
nor rationalize.
In seasonless surroundings,
we dream,
and await our destinies
at unmarked crossroads
in a vast pacific ocean,
hearing always the gentle tones
of waves in our ears,
but never quite discerning
the greater symphony
of meaning
in their music.



toa rangatira

twin birth

the visit

This is truth, one cannot,
save for long, quiet nights,
return to time and place
of yesteryear.

Once I tried with eagerness
of cherished reminiscence.
But I had grown a giant
who dwarfed the once
vast marae of before,
and peeling paint,
weathered wood,
blind-eyed, dusty panes
wailed not the welcome
call into the air.

"I am home," I said
to a whisp of playful wind
that trailed my words
and flung them
at the wide-eyed teko-teko.
He gave no sign
save that carved out
of defiance.
Nor would he prance forth
to lay at my feet
the fern-leaf symbol.

premonition

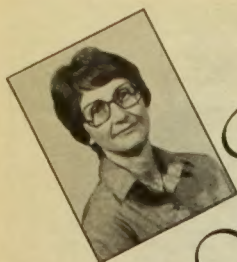
A pale morning sky,
moon of yellow tin-foil and
a black shag soaring.

It is the entering, finally, into
the valley of the shadow.
It is feeling its presence, tangible,
knowing the hour has come
and facing
the inevitability of it.
The child will be born, and there
is no way to arrest that fact.
There is no easy ending
of the process begun, often obliviously,
nine months before,
for life, once gifted, demands
the woman's entering that deep canyon,
that long valley of shadow,
that hour of timelessness,
heaven arrested,
and enter it alone.

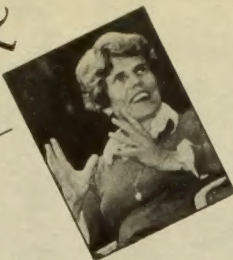
And at the end of it,
emerging as if from a tunnel,
her child anchored to her
as he has always been,
she sees, suddenly,
the light of the new day,
and everything appears about her
in sharper focus, with a clarity
beyond the worn and faded.
Time moves once more, and she
measures its passing
as if ordering it herself.
Each touch upon her
is an announcement of life,
--of being gloriously alive
and exultant in the event.

For it is not only the child's birth,
but the woman's.
It is that event, oft-repeated,
born of the nearness of death
that separates woman
from the rest of mankind.

Silence stretches like years
between us,
the afternoon yawns as
the black leaves glow
in the bowl of your pipe,
their dying smoke
incense in the air.
I have no bright words
that will teach you anything
you don't already know,
and you are past
forgetting the present.
Now, you wear two pairs of socks
on your feet, hoping to cheat
the west wind knocking on the windows.
We wait, and the shadows
gather about us,
stealing softly from the corners
of our contemplative lives.
This island awash
in a great grey ocean
is not much larger
than a sinking ship
and all have gone overboard
except you, Captain still,
determined to command
the last, expected event.
And me.
So we relive the past
together, taking turns
at "I remember whens"
it seems to bring you some joy,
at least you smile, while I
rage inside at the approaching tide
I know as inevitable.



East
&
West



Chiaroscuro

In art there is a technique that uses dark of different tones to heighten the effect of light; Rembrandt and Shakespeare used it--in paintings, in plays. Juxtaposed with or superimposed on darkness, light becomes more radiant than it might have been by itself. This technique effects more than contrast; it allows the light to surge from within as if imbued with ethereal properties that transcend ordinary conceptions of warmth or brilliance. The technique is called chiaroscuro: "chiaro," light; "oscuro," dark. Chiaroscuro. The word itself comes luminous edged in gray.

What in life does not come edged in dark? Out of the dark burst most of our moments with light--a baby born, a storm over, health recovered, a quarrel resolved, believing restored. Yet among us, especially as Mormons, there is a diffidence, a pale reluctance to deal with the dark that preceded the birth, the clearing, the getting well, the loving, the faith. The charcoal of our unsettling thoughts or feelings is painted out by the fear of appearing faithless or inept or not in tune with the gospel.

Too often what we know about each other, certainly too much of what we read in Church publications, histories, manuals, hear from pulpits, will never be as rich as it might be until we somehow learn to allow, on paper as well as in talk, the getting acquainted with both the yellows and the grey-browns in ourselves and each other.

A few years ago I stood by the bedside of my Aunt Evalyn Richards who was dying of cancer. She would have been ninety in a month. Ever since I was a little girl she had pampered me with attention and gifts, not the least of which was the privilege of getting to see her during these last years of her life when she became a virtual recluse, almost blind, and deaf enough that conversation was always sustained at a glass-shattering pitch. She'd had only one child of her own, a boy born with club feet, who died at 21, and she and Uncle Willard had taken on my brothers and me to pamper and sustain in brave and unflinching ways.

That Sunday morning my brother Richard and I left the still elegance of her home silenced by a strange inertia. He had given her a blessing, I had held her too slim, for the first time unmanicured hand, and we both had tried to sift into her sleeping some notion of how we loved her. But we were confounded by mammoth intrusions into our sense of things: In Aunt Evalyn's dying we would become the "older generation." Not only would we have the concern and obligation of putting together her funeral, virtually the last ever to be for those wonderfully impossible aunts and uncles, mother and father, but we would have to know enough to do it--to put on the funeral, and assume the rights, duties, honors and fears of being the ones in charge, not only of it, but of life.

In my efforts to assume both responsibilities, I discovered a truth I now must grapple with. I realized how little we knew about

Aunt Evalyn. Oh, she was at family parties, she and Uncle Willard came to our home for Christmas for forty years, and they lived in a cabin in Mt. Air just one straight stretch away from where we lighted our lamps from the generator Uncle Willard concocted between the stream and their front porch. The pony we rode was their son's, the horseshoe pit, theirs, and Aunt Evalyn invited us in for hot cross buns with lots of raisins, and birthday parties on Valentine's Day. Though we never heard her, we knew she played the violin as a girl, had studied in Paris. And over the years she had given me things like a play store and "traveling towels" to pack for the trips I never took until college. She had bestowed outrageously generous gifts on all of our children as they grew up, for Christmases, marriages, births. And once a month or so we'd had visits at her house about the usual happenings of a big family. But as Rick and I tried to put together with another cousin even an obituary, we realized in the kind of panic that attends having missed the last train, that Aunt Evalyn was gone, and that with her were gone the memories, the details, the light and shadow of a lifetime that would never be remembered.

I urgently wanted to ask her on that Sunday, "Aunt Evalyn, why did you leave the Church? What did it do to you to be abandoned by the boy you adopted? Did it help to move when Little Willard died? Did you want the blessing Richard gave you at the last? Why did you refuse to play your violin?" and more than anything, "Aunt Evalyn, who did you look to all those years that you were the older generation? Is this aloneness what I will feel for the rest of my life?"

I wish I had known her depths and heights, painted in rich chiaroscuro. I wish I had known her--and she me. A different kind of love would have prevailed, an informed, informative love. What might we have lent to each other's grappling with any coming of age? Maybe new seeing and believing and being able.

Emma Lou Thayne
Salt Lake City, Utah

Canned Worship

There are two Sundays a year when I would just as soon not go to church--Mother's Day and Easter. My aversion to Mother's Day is easy to explain. As most women know, Mother's Day programs are designed to make husbands and children feel better and merely mortal mothers feel worse. A pedestal is an uncomfortable perch, even for an hour, unless of course you are radiantly beautiful, sweet of temper, and have just had your hair done. That single pink carnation is also a problem. Is a woman supposed to hold it between her teeth, calypso style, as she dances to the car with her bag of books, her screaming baby, and the lasagne pan she left at the ward dinner? The best Mother's Day we ever had in Portsmouth Ward was the year the bishop decided the sisters should all have flowers they could take home and plant in their gardens. He sent

his wife to the greenhouse and she came back with a hundred potted *Impatiens*! Smiling from the pulpit, he assured us the irony was unintentional.

Yet even at its worst, Mother's Day in Mormonism has a kind of authenticity. Most Mormons are deeply aware of both the promises and frustrations of family life. The sugary verses in the chapel provoke wisecracks in the foyer and in some way put us more surely in touch with our own feelings and with each other. Our Easter services are harder to defend. Part of the difficulty, of course, is the association of Easter with what we like to think of as apostate Christianity. Clearly our own church calendar is organized around the Restoration--if Easter falls near April 6, we listen to General Conference. Yet our rejection of Christian tradition is incomplete. Unlike some radical protestants, we celebrate Christmas and Easter in our homes and expect something special at church. Yet in my experience, the high point in the Christian liturgical year is usually a low point in a Mormon Sunday school.

Coming home on Easter Sunday this year, I pondered my own depression. Why did I feel alienated rather than uplifted? Surely the worst possible way to honor Christ was to criticize the meeting! As I thought about it, however, I decided that my own reaction was probably not unique, that the deficiencies of our Easter observance were symptomatic of a larger problem, one which I believe deserves more attention. Though we talk a lot about reverence in the Church, we really give little serious thought to the meaning of worship. Even the word seems foreign to our experience. We speak of temple work, not worship. Our weekly meetings celebrate our families, our organizational life, and our amazing growth, but infrequently offer that oasis from the immediate, that earnest reaching upward and inward which allows us to experience the eternal. On Easter Sunday the void is greater because the expectation is higher.

I hasten to add that I am talking about typical holiday programs in wards blessed neither with unusual imagination nor tenors. Those wards who take a high church approach, with poetry and trumpets, often do very well, and I am quite sure that a ward with enough courage to take a low church approach, with testimonies and heartfelt congregational singing, could achieve an equally elevated spirit. Most wards do neither. The usual holiday program strikes an awkward balance between formality and business as usual. One year in our ward we went directly from Third Nephi and "The Holy City" to a reorganization of the bishopric. It was a little like getting a holiday dinner on a limp paper plate.

Unlike some critics, I believe the problem is structural as much as spiritual. A leader may have a strong personal testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ yet have no notion of how to prepare a worship service. The packaged programs offered by the Sunday school general board only aggravate the situation, promising security while multiplying confusion. If maximum participation were the only objective, these programs could be justified, yet too often meaning gets tangled in the extension cord, and with every passing of the microphone the spirit of worship is diminished. Packaged programs preserve the worst of Mormon informality while throwing out the best. If the words of ordinary people are appropriate on an Easter program (and I believe they are), then let them come from the heart rather than from a book. If memorized readings are conducive to worship (and I believe they are), then let them be readings worth memorizing.

Next year I may stay home--"with a bobolink for a chorister and an orchard for a dome."

Laurel Thatcher Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

PART TWO

PROPERTY LAW AND THE HOMEMAKER

In the last issue of Exponent II, Lynne R. Hall examined property law as it affects women in the 42 states where English common law forms the basis of the legal code. This second article looks at property law in the eight community property states, first discussing three historical explanations for the differing marital property systems, then explaining the current philosophical basis of the community property system--marital partnership--and finally exploring some specific features of the community property system--how "community property" is defined, management and control, liability for debts, and division of community property upon dissolution of the community by death or divorce.

The final article in this series, to appear in the Summer 1982 issue, will review ways in which property can be held jointly by two or more people, focusing on property held jointly by husband and wife.

As explained in the last issue, under the common law system of marital property, the husband is the sole owner of his earnings. Upon divorce, a judge in a common law state may order a distribution of the earnings and property between husband and wife. If the husband dies without a will, the wife may be entitled to a "widow's election," usually one-third of her husband's estate. During the marriage, however, the wife does not share ownership of any property purchased with her husband's income. If she dies before her husband, she cannot pass any of it to her heirs.

Eight states (California, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Washington, Texas, Idaho, and Louisiana) did not adopt this system. The law of these states originates in the civil law traditions of Spain and France. Under civil law, the wife is owner of one-half of her husband's earnings and property. Likewise the husband owns one-half of his wife's earnings and property. Marital property is held by the husband and wife as a community. Thus, these eight states are known as community property states.

Historical Background

The common law property system adopted by 42 states originated in thirteenth-century England. The community property system of the remaining eight states is based on the civil law tradition of Spain and France, which developed during that same period. There are several explanations as to why these property systems emerged as they did.

The first is that, although women had very little power in either country, they had slightly more in France than in England. Because the British feudal system was accompanied by the artificial institution of chivalry, the woman under this system . . .

was not sought for wife as a helpmate so much as a beautiful possession to adorn and grace the manor and for whatever lands she might bring, and, very importantly, to provide heirs, preferably male.¹

Clearly, "this practice was not conducive to the wife's being treated as a conjugal partner."² The wife in France had more control over marital property. The husband could not sell marital property without her consent, while in England the husband could sell subject only to his wife's dower interest (an interest in one-third of her husband's property which she asserted upon his death). Furthermore, the wife in France had a limited power to dispose of her share of land and personal property by will.

Another possible explanation for the differing property systems is that in thirteenth-century England there was a drive toward "unifying control in one person and passing what he had intact to a single member of the next generation."³ The common law property system did just that. It concentrated power over marital property in the feudal lord, and ultimately in the "lord who had no lord--the king."⁴ England at that time was ruled by a very powerful aristocracy which, of course, imposed laws to its advantage. By comparison, France and Spain had a history of relatively weak kings. There is evidence that the French kings wanted to implement the common law property system, but their efforts failed.

A third explanation for the emergence of the common law system in England and the civil law system on the continent is anthropological. During the third century through the eighth century A.D., the European continent was overrun and inhabited by various Germanic tribes called Visigoths. The Visigoths brought with them the social and legal concept of familial community--a group of families "sharing one bread and one pot and pooling their resources in common."⁵ In Visigothic tribes, the wife worked shoulder to shoulder with the husband to build and keep the home property. The wife shared the demands and hardships of daily life fully with her husband--in the fields, in the councils, in battle. Nuclear families bonded together into familial communities to share both work and property.

The idea of the familial community took hold in France and continued to exist in some parts of the country into the sixteenth century. The concept of the familial community did not exist in England. Thus, in France there existed a social pattern "around which the legal concept [of community property] could crystallize."⁶ Since the social pattern did not exist in England, there was no comparable basis for the development of community property in that country.

We must avoid reading too much into the early development of these property systems. It is tempting however, and perhaps justifiably so, to see in them a debate that is still going on. The woman in England with very little power over marital property was given the dower, not because she was entitled to it, but because she needed it for her protection. By contrast, the woman in France was a member of a marital

community and by law half of the marital property was hers. The underlying implication of the civil law, "never quite stated, is that the woman is entitled to half the [property] because she worked in partnership with her husband to get [it]."⁷ (Emphasis added.) It was hers by right, not by grace.

Underlying Philosophies

If there were no such philosophical underpinnings to the common law and community property systems in the thirteenth century, there certainly are now. As early as 1895, Richard Ballinger stated:

The principle which lies at the foundation of the whole system is, that whatever is acquired by the joint efforts of the husband and wife, shall be their common property; the theory of the law being, that the marriage, in respect to property acquired during its existence, is a community of which each spouse is a member, equally contributing by his or her industry to its prosperity, and possessing an equal right to succeed to the property after its dissolution, in case one survives the other.⁸

More recently, William Brockelbank wrote in *The Community Property Law of Idaho*:

But to see only these obvious differences [between common law and community property systems] is to ignore the more fundamental and far reaching ones. The law in the common law states fails to recognize the wife as a helpmate and partner engaged with the husband in the common enterprise of creating a family as well as a fortune, and refuses her the place of dignity to which she is entitled.⁹

In an article published in 1973, "The Policy of Community Property and Interspousal Transactions," author Michael J. Vaughn wrote:

[T]he policy of community property is basically one of equality. The husband and wife are to be accorded the status of equals, because of the actual contribution that each makes to the marriage--because of their status as partners in a "marital partnership based on the view that two individuals are equally devoting their lives and energies to furthering the material as well as the spiritual success of marriage."¹⁰

Proponents of the community property system point out that the community system recognizes the separate legal identity of the spouses, contrary to the common law doctrine of merger by which the legal identity of the wife was subsumed into that of her husband. They argue that this fundamental premise of common law and the disabilities that flowed therefrom are "beyond the possibility of correction by mere tinkering."¹¹ The Married Woman's Property Acts, which gave women in common law states full legal rights to their separate property, ignore the reality that

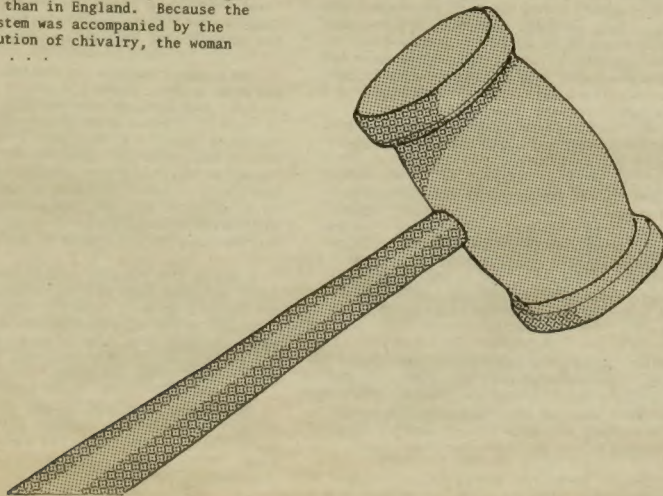
the bearing of children must be done by women and the rearing of children is in fact done by them. Twenty of the most productive years taken from the career of a woman plays the same kind of havoc with it economically that the same time would play if taken from the career of a man. Thus not only is the sexual function different, but this difference creates for women a whole new economic and social position.¹²

The woman may have a legal right to her separate property, but if she has no opportunity to acquire separate property because she is working as a homemaker, the right is meaningless.

The community property system, on the other hand, recognizes that the efforts of both husband and wife contribute to the well-being of the marital community. Since both contribute equally, both share equally in the income and property.

Specific Features

In community property states, the wife is owner by law of one-half of the marital property. She has "equal management" power with her husband over the community property, although the extent of this power varies somewhat from state to state. Consequently, she can apply community property to payment of her debts. Upon dissolution of the marriage, husband and wife become



GETTING MOM THROUGH SCHOOL

When I began graduate school four years ago to earn my MBA, I wondered how I would be able to manage school, a home, and the lives of my three children, then 14, 8, and 5. My doubts were valid. I couldn't manage it all, but together we could and did. The reason we could is that I learned the children could manage their own lives quite well, thank you, and could even make a significant contribution to managing our home. So what I was responsible for was managing my own life, and they would be happy if I at least accomplished that--please!

In other words, I learned about trust and cooperation. Initially, even though the children took on additional responsibility around the house, I closely supervised the chores and scheduled what was to be done, when and how,

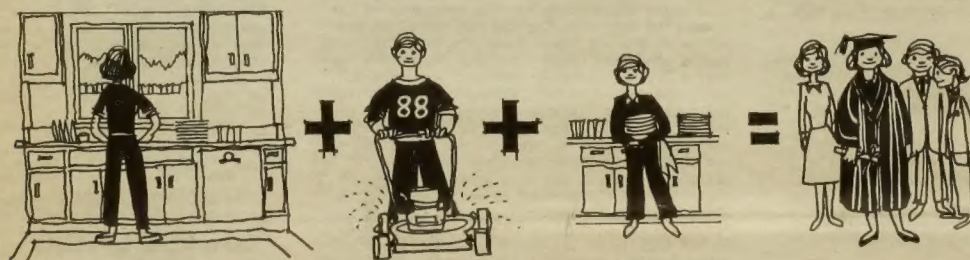
and carefully planned the meals others prepared. As the children assumed more responsibility, they began to demand more control over what was done, when, and how. For instance, Hilary, when she became sixteen, decided she wanted more say in what she fixed for dinner. Of course, the boys then insisted on more input into meals and snacks. They've developed their own routines for getting chores done. Zachary discovered that if he kept his toys in the basement and played with them there, his room was easier to keep picked up. Furthermore, he didn't have to lug his things up and down stairs as when he played in the living room. I learned to stay out of the kitchen while they cleaned up after meals since their methods of equalizing the work seem terribly inefficient to me.

We've all learned to compromise our standards--theirs have gone up and mine have come down. I've learned the children are quite creative in their approach to chores. Their increased household responsibilities have resulted in a greater sense of self-sufficiency and self-confidence. A cooperative spirit has resulted as they've contributed more input into meals and housework. They've learned what things they like and want, and feel they can figure out reasonable ways to fulfill their needs and desires without infringing on those of others--most of the time.

Two areas where this increased initiative and responsibility have been very evident

have been Hilary's track and the boys' paper route. These were things they wanted to do and I was willing to try, thanks to the trust I'd gained from their previous performance. However, I insisted that these activities not infringe on existing responsibilities or make extra demands on my time. The children have assumed total responsibility in these areas without shortchanging schoolwork or chores or requiring excessive involvement on my part. Furthermore, they have received immense satisfaction from these activities and, as I have watched their performance, I have found they're an example to me not only of initiative and responsibility but of the satisfaction that comes from pleasing customers in the case of the paper route and from being part of a team in the case of Hilary's track.

The power of example is indeed another lesson I've learned through my return to school. Though Hilary and Ethan had always done fine in school, they were satisfied with doing what was required. I'm a rather compulsive student who studies hard and aims for A's. Seeing the time and concentration I put into my studies resulted in Hilary and Ethan's taking school more seriously. The result has been impressive in terms of performance. The power of negative example has also been pointed out; both Hilary and Ethan have decided they don't ever want to be as obsessive as I am about school! Without being obsessive, all three children have excelled in school since I returned to school. I don't hound



THOUGHTS FROM A WORKING MOTHER

I have four children ranging in age from nine to three. I've worked all their lives except the year when Ryan, the oldest, was one. I went back to school to certify to teach when I was pregnant with the second, and I did my student teaching when he was three months old. I presently teach English and creative writing at Clearfield High School in Clearfield, Utah. I'm also taking some classes in public relations.

In trying to evaluate how career and parenting are juggled in my life, I have asked myself four questions. What values shaped my choice to become a working mother? What qualities and circumstances do I have that enable me to balance the two? How do I organize time and energy? What have I learned I can share with others?

Most simply, I chose to become a working mother for emotional survival. I had to go to work to escape the frantic housekeeping and compulsive "doing without being." In retrospect, I see now that I probably lacked self-confidence and therefore compensated by excelling. Homemaking just did not provide enough external rewards for me.

I think I've made progress in my personality development, and now I work for different reasons. Financial remuneration is more important since inflation has drastically altered my husband's income. I also like the personal growth I find in my work. I may even be changing professions soon.

I see four things as essential for a working mother to live a balanced life: (1) good health, (2) a supportive husband, (3) fulfilling work, and (4) good child care.

Each woman must work out her own formula for good health. Fighting a bladder infection for three months following surgery has really put me in touch with my body. To feel physically and emotionally well, I need daily exercise. I jog one mile in the morning and do figure shaping exercises in the evening. I find that too much meat makes me anxious and agitated. Foods with preservatives and sodium cause me to hold fluid which makes me feel sluggish.

Although I can't imagine raising a family without a husband, I realize that many women are forced to. But, whenever possible, a wife needs a husband's support to work. My husband has always been supportive. Nevertheless, we have had to renegotiate basic expectations several times, and these negotiations have been stressful. I have concluded from the experiences of my friends that working women may have to demand help with housework and child care before they will really get that help.

If a job is too draining, it is hard for a woman to come home and be a good mother. The days I snap at my children are the days I've had a bad day. (Fortunately those days are rare.) If I had to work at a job I hated, I think I would choose not to work. It is important that women prepare themselves for meaningful work. A little training helps before leaping into the job market.

Excellent child care has always been available to me. A couple of days spent looking for good child care will be well worth the peace of mind. I don't want to worry about my children while I'm working any more than I want to take my job anxieties out on them when I get home.

I personally feel it's easier to work with pre-schoolers than with school-aged children. Pre-schoolers can be dropped off at the babysitter's or day care and picked up at the end of

the working day. School-aged children have time at home before I arrive. I can see several potential problems, but not one has materialized yet. My major complaint is all the snacks my children feed the neighbors.

I've been asked several times, "How do you do it all?" Well, if doing it all is top priority, it helps to be a compulsive housekeeper. But I've spent the last year trying to learn how to feel worthwhile without having it all done. Learning relaxation response (a series of relaxation exercises learned over several weeks until you relax on cue) has been invaluable. When I start feeling frantic because the house isn't orderly and I don't have my visiting teaching done, I say to myself, "You are calm and relaxed," and find peace instead in my children's laughter or the crocuses splitting the earth or the moon shining behind the tree branches.

The biggest barrier I have had to overcome has been guilt. Maybe I'm overly sensitive, but several implications that working mothers aren't as good as stay-at-home mothers have been directed my way. I worked hard at being a good mother but still felt guilty. My children sensed my guilt and manipulated my time and my emotions. I almost allowed my seven-year-old to go untested and unhelped with a learning difficulty because I was so ready to assume his problems were a result of my working!

I think I've finally worked through all that guilt and have been able to establish my own priorities. I am more creative in problem solving because I'm not so committed to others' ways of doing things. I'm able to go to bed without doing the vacuuming because I need the sleep more than I need to be supermom.

In summary, I'd like to say that the only thing I know for sure is that I'll change my mind, and some day I may see a need to stay at home. Until then, I hope my perceptions will help someone else.

Sandra R. Shupe
Ogden, Utah

them to do homework because they have taken responsibility for their own performance, and they have proven capable of defining and achieving their own academic goals.

Which leads to what I perceive as the greatest benefit of my returning to school. I learned to trust my children to be responsible for themselves and, as a result, have gained tremendous respect for each of them. They have each developed a strong sense of identity and self-confidence. An example of this occurred recently when Zach, nine, was cleaning the refrigerator. He commented that he hadn't liked the idea of cleaning it, but once he started he sort of "got into it." In fact, he added that maybe someday he'd be on TV as a model househusband. I asked where he'd learned the term "househusband," and he informed me that more ads now showed men shopping and telling why they liked Thomas' English Muffins, for example. And he wouldn't want to be called a housewife. After all, how would I like to be called a househusband?

I know the children were as proud of my going to school and doing well as I am of their accomplishments. We've all grown together in trust and mutual respect, and as a result have all developed a greater sense of self-confidence and self-esteem and, through the process of cooperation, have become much closer. Furthermore, since their father came three nights a week to help with dinner last

year, the children were able to develop a closer and stronger relationship with him.

I have wondered whether all these benefits would have been realized had their father been living with us. My return to school was perceived by me and everyone I knew, both in and out of the Church, as necessary for the security and economic well-being of our family. Had it been seen as a selfish indulgence in self-fulfillment, I wonder if the children would have viewed their extra responsibilities so creatively. I'm not aware of anyone questioning them about my motives for going to school, thus undermining their pride in what I was doing. No one asked them who was feeding them or taking care of them while I was gone, so they didn't perceive of themselves as neglected. No one jibed their father about being tied to a wife's apron strings when he prepared meals for his children, so he didn't feel defensive about their time together. My going to school was seen by outsiders as an opportunity for growth for all of us, and we did grow together. Would this growth have been so positive had we faced constant questioning or criticism--either overt or covert?

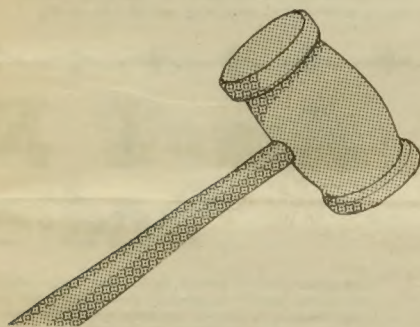
The potential for positive growth would have been there no matter what our perceptions of our family were. I don't know whether they would have been realized had my return to school not been viewed as a coopera-

tive venture. As it was, the children were my strongest source of support and encouragement. They viewed my successes with the same pride parents have when their children perform well.

After a long, frustrating job search, I recently found the perfect job, which will require a move. Instead of protesting the disruption to their lives, the children immediately started listing their housing and location requirements. Because I have been very open about my salary and housing costs, they are becoming very shrewd about finances. They initiated a garage sale to clear out excess toys and furnishings and pitched in to prepare the house for sale. They realize that the time and effort spent in fixing up this house means the potential for a nicer home when we move.

The children's reaction to our move has assured me that cooperative independence and mutual support, both developed during my return to school, will continue to benefit us as we meet the new challenges associated with our move and my working. As a result, I feel confident that these challenges will provide more opportunities for positive growth for each of us.

Heather Symmes Cannon
Arlington, Massachusetts



sole owners of one-half of the community property. Although only an overview is possible, more detailed explanations of these features of community property are offered here.

Classification--The community property of a couple consists of all real and personal property acquired by them during marriage with three exceptions:

- property acquired by either while living separately and apart from the other spouse;
- property acquired by gift, bequest, devise or descent;
- rents or profits from separate property.

Property acquired by either spouse before marriage or after dissolution of the marriage, and property within one of the three exceptions listed above is separate property. If property is acquired during marriage, it is presumed to belong to the community. However, the presumption can be overcome by proof of separate ownership.

Management and Control--Traditionally, management of community property was vested solely in the husband based on the idea that "there must be one voice, one authority to act for the community in business matters."¹³ All eight community property states have now adopted some form of the equal management rule. The rule operates differently depending on whether the property involved is real estate or personal property.

Equal management of community personal property means that either spouse, without the consent of the other, can sell the property, make a contract regarding it, mortgage it, and so forth. There are a number of exceptions to the basic rule. For example, the equal management rule does not allow one spouse to sell community furniture, clothing of the other spouse, or clothing of the children. The non-selling spouse must consent to such a transaction.

With regard to community real property, the equal management rule is more narrow. The spouses share equal management in day-to-day concerns, meaning that daily decisions concerning real property can be made by either spouse with-

PROPERTY LAW CONT.

out the consent of the other. But neither spouse acting alone may sell community real estate, mortgage it, or lease it for more than one year. Both spouses must join in such a transaction.

Now, since a husband and wife have equal management powers over community property, both can incur debts and secure creditor's claims with community property. The separate property of a husband or wife is also liable for his or her debts. Generally, the separate property of one spouse is not liable for the debts of the other. However, an exception may be made for "necessaries of life." For example, if one spouse purchases on credit something that is necessary for survival--food, medical supplies, housing--the separate property of the other spouse may be liable for the debt.

Division of Property on Death--Upon dissolution of the community by death of one spouse, the general rule is that, subject to creditor's claims, the decedent spouse may make a testamentary disposition of all separate property and one-half of the community property. On death, community property is divided using the so-called "item theory." The item theory recognizes each spouse as owner of an undivided half interest in every item of community property (conversely, the aggregate theory, used in dividing community assets on divorce, entitles each spouse to receive community assets with a value equal to half the community estate). The decedent cannot defeat by will the surviving spouse's half interest in a particular item of community property. If a decedent attempts to dispose of an item of community property by will, the survivor has an "election." The doctrine of election was described in a Washington state case as follows:

The doctrine of election, as applied to the law of wills, means simply that one who takes under a will must conform to all its provisions, and if he accepts a benefit thereunder, he must renounce every right inconsistent therewith.¹⁴

Suppose, for example, that a wife dies leaving a will that bequeaths all community interest in a car to her son. Her will leaves other separate property to her husband. The husband, who still has a half interest in the car, can elect to block the disposition of the car. But if he does so he will not be able to inherit the separate property bequeathed to him by the will. On the other hand, the husband can allow the disposition by not asserting his one half interest in the car, in which case he will receive the bequests made to him by the will.

If the decedent has not made a will, his or her estate is distributed according to the intestate laws of the state. In most community property states, the surviving spouse inherits all of the decedent's interest in the community estate.

Division of Property on Divorce--Generally, community property must be divided equally on divorce using the "aggregate theory." The aggregate theory entitles each spouse to property equal to half the value of the community. It does not entitle a spouse to a half interest in any particular item of community property. For example, a judge may award the community home to one spouse and the community business to another, as long as the value is equal.

Community debts that are made the responsibility of one spouse are subtracted from the property awarded to that spouse. The value of property given to each spouse must be equal after community debts are subtracted. Each spouse remains responsible for his or her separate debts.

The separate property of each spouse is subject to that spouse's exclusive management.

Liability for Debts--Since the husband traditionally had sole power to manage the community property, the wife's power to use community property to obtain credit was quite limited. This effectively prohibited her from establishing a credit rating. Credit cards and charge accounts were usually issued only in the husband's name. Upon their divorce or the death of her husband, the wife had no credit history.

This article is intended as an overview of the community property system. Although there are only eight community property states, the law varies significantly from state to state. A local attorney specializing in property law can best explain the law of any individual state.

FOOTNOTES

1. deFuniak, *Principles of Community Property*, Sec. 1 (1943).
2. Vaughn, "The Policy of Community Property and Interspousal Transactions," *Baylor Law Review* 19:40-41 (1973).
3. Donahue, "What Causes Fundamental Legal Ideas? Marital Property in England and France in the Thirteenth Century," *Michigan Law Review* 78:81 (1979).
4. Donahue, p. 82.
5. Donahue, p. 86.
6. Donahue, pp. 86-87.
7. Donahue, p. 87.
8. Ballinger, *A Treatise on the Property Rights of Husband and Wife, Under the Community or Ganancial System*, Sec. 4 (1895).
9. Brockelbank, *The Community Property Law of Idaho*, Sec. 1.5 (1962).
10. Vaughn, pp. 40-41.
11. Brockelbank, Sec. 1.5.
12. *Ibid.*
13. Vaughn, pp. 40-41.
14. *Tacoma Sav. & Loan Ass'n v. Nadham*, 14 Wash.2d 576, 596, 128 P.2d 982, 991 (1942).

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Provo, Utah

B WOMEN'S A G A T H E R I N G

This year the annual BYU Women's Conference was preceded by *Values and Variety: The Genius of Mormon Writers*, the first annual symposium sponsored by BYU's Center for the Study of Christian Values in Literature. It opened with a reader's theater in which Richard Cracroft, Neal Lambert, Lorna Nielsen, and John B. Harris dramatized selections from Cracroft and Lambert's book, *A Believing People*--an account of a farm-boy's vision, Parley P. Pratt's admiration of majesty in chains at Liberty Jail, Eliza's "Invocation," William Clayton's anthem, and the agonies of the Willey Handcart Company. I felt in these stories my own history and heritage, and that of my children, although we are our own pioneers in Mormonism.

The readers continued with the work of Carol Lynn Pearson, Emma Lou Thayne, and other modern Mormon writers, concluding with Mormonism's other cultural anthem, "I Am A Child of God."

Vernice Wineera Pere, poet, accomplished photographer, and Director of Public Relations of the Polynesian Cultural Center in Hawaii, followed. She read her own poetry, poems filled with pride in the Maori culture and pain at its disappearance. I could almost see the tattooed women, smell the exotic plants and the salt of the ocean, hear the chant of the grandfather in his kiwi-feather cloak pronouncing with pride the names and deeds of his ancestors.

Marilyn Arnold joined in this presentation, asking whether our religion can transcend cultural boundaries, and pointing out that Mormonism, as a result of our international membership, must recognize and accept all the ethnic cultures whose people embrace the gospel.

Lucile Reading, the next speaker, was the editor of *The Friend* until her death a few weeks ago. She spoke with dismay of the addiction today's children have to television, which may be eliminating childhood by presenting so many adult themes so much of the time. She noted that of the two to three thousand new children's books published each year, very few are better than mediocre, and that Latter-day Saint submissions to *The Friend* followed suit. She said she receives five to six hundred manuscripts each month that she would label "uniformly bad--cutesie, preachy, or talking down to children." They are often accompanied by letters, she said, claiming that the stories were written under inspiration and that not a word was changed after they were written down. That, the audience was told, is not the way to write literature.

Sister Reading said she was given the mandate by President Kimball to develop Mormon writers for children. She feels she has failed, but recognizes that failure as partly the responsibility of the Mormon community, which seems to think that unless a tale is simple, moralistic, and watered-down, children will not get the message. She asked Mormon writers to realize that children are bright, aware of the world and the gospel, and often appreciate subtleties that adults pass over.

As I left the symposium to attend a class, I reviewed what I had heard of *Values and Variety*, and found it a rewarding beginning to the annual gathering of Mormon women at BYU.

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

I'm not too fond of crowds, and there certainly was one in the Wilkinson Center, albeit a friendly one. There must have been five thousand women filling the ballroom, the balcony, the overflow room, and the DeJong Concert Hall for the conference's opening session. Another reader's theater dramatized the story of Esther and presented the theme of the conference--"for such a time as this." President Jeffrey R. Holland welcomed those in attendance. He said the conference was not a pseudo Relief Society Conference, Young Women's gathering, or Primary leadership meeting. BYU Women's Conference, he affirmed, was a conference for women students at Brigham Young University, planned by women students and their advisors, to which other women were most cordially invited. I looked around to see not eighteen- to twenty-two-year-old students, but older women, many accompanied by children. Less than a quarter of BYU's students are women twenty-five years of age or older, and from my seat it seemed that most of the women attending this conference were over twenty-five.

I devoted the first morning of the conference to women's history. Jill Mulvey Derr, discussing early sisters in Relief Society, explained how the rituals of childbirth, illness and death bonded women together. They also shared common tasks--supporting each other and the Kingdom, saving grain, working politically. She suggested that we are no longer task-oriented in our modern Relief Society, and one woman in the audience responded by commenting on the need for a values-oriented Relief Society to keep us together in our diversity of sisterhood.

Carol Cornwall Madsen discussed Emmeline B. Wells, "A Romantic Rebel," who said that she "believed in women--especially thinking women." Emmeline was not a committee woman who looked to "grouphink" for answers. Rather, her strength and decisions were a result of her own experiences. According to Carol, Emmeline was "mentally and intellectually equipped to contribute to the women of her time." I wondered how well-equipped we in that room were to contribute to each other's lives.

From session to session, I moved from one crowded room to another crowded room. I wanted to be united with the sisters attending this

conference, but still felt that they were strangers. Nevertheless, the spirit was warm. We passed with smiles for each other, babies often in tow. Rooms filled up quickly and latecomers leaned against doorways or sat in aisles, determined to be a part of each event.

Addie Fuhrman spoke of turning points in women's lives to an audience as diverse, I'm sure, as the women she used as examples. We learned that we had to make choices--as did Golda Meier, Amelia Earhart, Emily Dickinson, and Mary Fielding Smith--and that those choices moved our lives in a certain direction. According to Addie sometimes the only choice is how to respond or adapt. "Resolute, spirited, compassionate, noble," she said. "Who we are determines what we do, and what we do determines who we are."

In the next session with the editors of *Exponent II* I felt that for the first time the barriers were down and the women, not only the presenters, contributed ideas to each other. In the course of the session, we discussed journal keeping, working, raising children, accepting Church callings, and being single in a society which emphasizes families. We were trusting of each other, receiving and giving as we



These quotations, taken from *The Woman's Exponent*, were written in the 1880s. They were used in our workshop at the BYU Women's Conference in February and show the real connection between the sisters of one hundred years ago and the sisters of today.

Utah has now quite a number of lady physicians, who are practicing very successfully among the people. Strangers visiting here are quite surprised when we tell them that we have graduated lady doctors, as they have been informed previously we were all kept in ignorance as regarded any of the higher walks of education.

Granted that early education is the most permanent in its nature, then how careful should parents be to begin aright. The earliest impressions are indelibly engraven upon the human heart, and the characteristics of individuals are quite as much the result of early discipline as of inherent faculties.

There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this because it is so very much neglected, and because it is so elegant, charming and ladylike an accomplishment. What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one!

Am I No and a

If women shall succeed in holding their position, as practitioners and scientists, for the next fifty years, as they have done for the past thirty-three years, then it will be proved that it lies in a woman's nature, just as much as in a man's to educate whatever faculties, to develop whatever talents she may be endowed with. For all I demand as the right of woman is free play for doing what is in her nature to do; and if she feels she cannot apply herself to anything else but the study and practice of medicine, all I ask is plenty of opportunity to fit herself through education, for that purpose, and afterwards a chance to try her capacity as practitioner.

We have sufficient confidence in the character of men to believe they respect women most, who respect themselves; who regard their rights as sacred, whether political or otherwise.

In our past, how limited has been the educational advantages of woman? Book-learning was supposed to have very little to do with the requisite requirements of the ideal housekeeper; the masses really believing that "woman should understand only sufficient Geography to know the different apartments in her house, and enough Chemistry to keep the kettle boiling." How absurd! If "knowledge is power" why should not woman possess her full quota as well as the sterner sex?

The girls to whom these words are addressed, belong distinctly to this period in the world's progress--girls who believe that, as consumers of the results of toil, it is their duty to contribute, by their works, to the general fund; and who further believe that the amount of goods which they are entitled to appropriate to themselves, is only dependent upon their ability to honestly procure such goods.

U CONFERENCE

OF WOMEN

extended our sisterhood. Susan Paxman, Linda Collins, and Susan Howe introduced the topic of writing from a personal approach. Much of the discussion centered around whether journals should be edited, leaving only faith-promoting incidents for descendants to read. Some women said that they "tell all" in their journals; others, that they relate only what they consider "faith promoting," and a third group, that they keep two diaries—one to be read and one to be destroyed. The *Exponent II* editors concluded with the message that successful authors have to be vulnerable and willing to share personal success as well as failure and grief.

I chose to attend one other session that day—Dr. Alvin Price discussing "Teaching Sex to Children." There was an overflow crowd packed into the room and the lecture was well received. No questions were asked—not because of personal or group constraints, but because he seemed to hit all the areas of concern. Discussing what each age group is curious about concerning physical development and sexuality, Dr. Price gave the time-honored advice to teach children by answering them when they raise the subject—and if they don't ask, to go to them to find out why. He and some other doctors in his stake were asked by the stake president

to design a series of seminars for youth and their parents. It eliminated a lot of speculation among the youth, he said, because "everybody knew what everybody else knew." Dr. Price advocated calling the parts of the human body by their correct names, claiming that the substitute terms are far more offensive than medical terminology. He also informed the audience that incest and homosexuality are serious problems among the membership of the Church.

On the second day of the conference, Beverly Campbell, the keynote speaker, dared women to make a difference in the world around us, affirming that although a woman's first duty is to her home and family, it is not her only duty. She acknowledged that daring to make a difference is not easy, that ridicule and criticism sometimes follow, but citing Mother Theresa, Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan, Louise Lake, and Belle Spafford as examples, she emphasized how one woman could help many people. Hearing her admonition that Mormon women become involved created in my mind an image of the women in this session marching out to enter politics, volunteer organizations, or professions. I wondered how much good could be accomplished.

a Woman Sister?

It was when those sad reverses came that caused so many women to step out from homes of luxury and refinement and look about in the world—the world they never fairly saw before—for the means of earning sustenance for themselves, that the women of our land became known unto each other, that the strong tendrils of love and sympathy and fellowship were thrown out that gathered up and knit together in closer kinship that band of women that stand today in the front ranks of arts and sciences and industries of our country.

A New York woman says with much truth: Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men the number of tramps would be largely increased.

It is pretty safe to conclude that there never will be such a collapse in the civilization of the world as will relegate woman back into the helpless dependency of the past. On the contrary, it is more and more apparent that idleness is not going to be considered any more interesting or respectable in a woman than in a man.

I wonder if we all realize what we were placed on this earth for; what purpose the Lord sent us here for, in these "the last days?" I am afraid a great many of us are too apt to think there is no higher aim on earth than to spend all our time in seeking amusement and recreation, instead of striving to gain all the knowledge and wisdom that is to be obtained. We should all live for a purpose; and have some high standard of excellence to attain to, before we leave this frail existence to go to some higher sphere of action on the other side. If we as a people fully understood the law of the Lord as we should, I think we would all try to do better, and seek to serve God more fully than we do at present.

I hold that neither sex alone is competent to rightly control the political destiny of the whole. It is by uniting them that the best results are obtained. God intended man and woman to supplement each other, and no system of government can be perfect till the divine theory is carried out.

Having chosen a trade or profession, you should leave far behind you all those petty and foolish artificialities which prevent men and women from having a fair, wholesome business acquaintance with each other.

The Rev. Timothy Flint used to say that, "If this world is ever to become a better and happier world, Woman, properly enlightened, aware of her influence, and disposed to exert it aright, must be the prime mover in the great work."

The women of Salt Lake City... are not disposed to be left behind in the race of improvement by their Eastern sisters. They feel the importance of extending their sphere of labor and of usefulness, and of making for themselves room in the world for the more complete exercise and development of all their faculties.



I felt the same bonding in the second session with the editors of *Exponent II* the next morning. "Past and Present: Am I Not a Woman and a Sister?" was the theme of the two Susans and Linda as they compared the concerns LDS women expressed in the 1880s *Woman's Exponent* with those of LDS women today. We in the audience listed our concerns as being families, equal rights, the building of relationships, education, religion, self esteem, employment, political activism, charity, personal creativity, and health. These were all found in the original *Exponent*, and enjoying the love of women of both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries, I wondered why we don't meet together more often in such a spirit of love, support, and concern for each other's welfare.

Dian Thomas' traveling show was my next workshop. The Wilkinson Center ballroom seemed to have women hanging from the ceiling to observe this demonstration by Utah Valley's contribution to NBC television. I've never camped in my life, and my children have been making persuasive comments about this being the summer of great weekend camp outs, so the session was valuable to me. Now I'll buy Dian's new book containing the recipes and hints she shared—making ice cream by rolling a coffee can with ice and a mix inside, fixing up a shower under an old umbrella draped with a shower curtain, lighting a campfire using 00 steel wool and batteries, cooking eggs over a tuna fish can stove, and squeezing orange juice in a Ziplock bag.

Following Dian, Kathleen Lubeck presented "Square Pegs in a Round Hole." I don't know whether it was her presentation, or the participation of several women whom I recognized from the *Exponent II* workshops, but the women again talked to one another, sharing their experiences of fitting into the Church as single women, or electing to avoid the pain which came to them with their participation. Problem areas were defined as being Church involvement, work, and social interaction. Kathleen noted that social alienation is a cultural, rather than a gospel, problem, and advised working to solve it using a gospel perspective and the companionship of a loving God.

This session for single women provided answers to the questions many are asking: "How do I belong?" "How do I teach my children they belong?" "Am I loved?" Comments from the audience indicated that the Special Interest Program does not yet deal with the concerns of singles because it tends to separate us from the married majority of the Church. Some women agreed that it is easier to be a single member of the Church where Mormons are not the majority culture.

There were many lectures that I regret missing—Barbara Smith's devotional, addresses by Ardeth Kapp and Becky Reeve, responsible assertiveness workshops of Tamara Quick and Sally Barlow, Ida Smith's "Tapering Off, or Tooling Up: There IS Life After 50," workshops for women re-entering education or employment, and Colleen Maxwell's concluding speech, "Pacing Our Personal Progress."

I found no quarrel with the themes of the lectures I attended, and I realize that my satisfaction was a result of the choices I made. However, I did hear comments from other women who felt that there could have been "more meaty" discussions of issues of concern to women, many of which are taken up in the pages of *Exponent II*, *Dialogue*, *Sunstone*, and *BYU Studies*. I heard reports of traditional male superior/female submissive relationships being advocated in a lecture dealing with relationships in families and between husbands and wives, and most upsetting to me was an address I was told of in which the speaker defined a family as being only that unit comprised of a husband, a wife, and children.

It should be noted, however, that the positive comments overwhelmingly outweigh the negative, and that women again came from far distances and in large numbers to participate in this event—single and married, conservative and liberal, working women and housewives, professional women, graduate and undergraduate students. Their common denominator is membership in the Church of Jesus Christ and a desire to be together. These women are indebted to Brigham Young University for the opportunity to gather once a year specifically to address the needs and concerns of the women, not only of BYU, but of the Church.

Charlotte Alvoet Bleh
Orem, Utah

Sisters Speak

The topic for discussion this issue is the socialization of women in the LDS culture. We asked women to share their thoughts on their own experiences from having been raised in this culture and taught its values. Judy Busk of Richfield, Utah, has done that. She writes:

My three-year-old daughter has her own version of *The Three Little Pigs* in which the major roles are played by her and her brothers, ages five and seven. In the story she is the third pig who builds the brick house, offering shelter to her brothers and thereby saving them from the wolf. Through this story, is she trying to express her need to feel capable and strong? Does our socialization process in the Church support or detract from this need?

In the last *Exponent II* Lavina Fielding Anderson, in her analysis of Blazer and Merrie Miss manuals, concluded that strong female images were often not portrayed in the lessons. By contrast, in real life, girls in our area often see women in strong, active roles or perhaps faltering because they haven't had the training to be strong and independent and need these qualities badly. Does the contrast between the women and girls of our lessons and the women and girls of real life give our young women a confusing dual message?

In *The Relief Society Magazine* I used to note the contrast between the page devoted to outstanding Mormon women who were writing books, performing concerts, painting pictures, and the many articles about baking bread, decorating rooms, or making over clothes.

This dualism confronts me today as I see women like Elaine Cannon, Lucille Johnson, and even Daryl Hoole--revered as ideals--pursuing interests such as writing and lecturing. By contrast, Relief Society lessons can sometimes make women who seek a vocation or avocation outside the home feel guilty, even when it is not a full-time activity.

Our young women--particularly those who are college-bound--get another dual message. They are encouraged to speak up, speak out, compete, pursue individual goals, and develop self-sufficiency to succeed. Yet in our conventional views of marriage, a woman is often expected to do a complete turnaround and discard these characteristics for attributes such as holding one's tongue, supporting rather than competing, setting aside personal goals to nurture others, and curbing the desire for independence. Is this fair? I think it is vital to society that it develop, preserve, and value the nurturing side of a woman's nature but not to the exclusion of other personality traits. Shouldn't a combination of characteristics be developed and used before and after marriage?

Facing the reality that some LDS girls will have lifetime careers, some will be divorced and become the main supporters of families, some will marry, some will combine work and marriage, and some who planned to be strictly wives and mothers will find their plans gone awry, we need to prepare our girls for a variety of life possibilities.

Personally, I have never regretted being a woman because I have embraced and enjoyed the multiplicity of roles open to me. My daughters anticipate the same opportunity. Hopefully we can help our young women be like my three-year-old, prepared to build a strong brick house when needed, but who can also gracefully adjust to assistance from another if their straw or stick houses should collapse.

Another sister, Carolyn Dupuis from Palaiseau, France, also writes about her experiences:

Lavina Fielding Anderson's article took me back to when I was a little girl growing up in a semi-rural spot in Utah. The county library system had not arrived, and neither had low-cost paperback books. Any type of reading matter was hard to come by and something to really cherish. My parents had some good books, of course, but because they were designed for adults and didn't have pictures, I didn't bother with them. I had a few books of my own, mostly illustrated with bunnies and chickens, sunbonnet babies, and wicked stepmothers.

But we were regular subscribers to *The Improvement Era* and the *Church News* and saved

every issue. I remember spending hours looking at the *Church News* especially. I liked the pictures. What do they call them, here and now pictures? I remember my father, whom I loved dearly, telling me how important the men pictured in the *Church News* were, that they were our leaders, people to be admired, people whose counsel should be taken very seriously, people loved and inspired by God.

Oh, those evenings! A gentle, loving, and religious family gathered in front of a fire, eating popcorn and shiny apples, relishing the *Church News*. It is hard to believe that in such a setting a serious emotional problem could be born, but it was. I grew up believing that I was supposed to become a man. I had an older brother; he grew up believing that he was supposed to become a man, too. And he did. All those pictures of men in the *Church News* helped him into adulthood. So did all the articles in *The Improvement Era*, authored by men.

Growing up to be a man seemed so much better (and easier) than growing up to be a chicken, a rabbit, or a wicked stepmother. So I tried, and I failed. But I often wonder how many Mormon women got the same message I did. As I look through the *Church News* and *The Ensign* today, I wonder how many girls are still getting that message.

As a child, I don't remember even once seeing a strong, intelligent, and healthy woman pictured or written about in any church publication--not even one--though I remember that women were included as victims of disasters or debilitating illnesses. And beauty queens.

I wish you would commission another article by as good a writer and interpreter as Lavina Fielding Anderson and have her take a good look at the official church publications that enter each home today. Have her count the number of articles by men and by women; have her count the number of pictures of men and women; have her note what the men and women are doing in these pictures; have her try to imagine what children are learning about their future roles by reading these publications. Is there an equal share of healthy examples for our daughters, or will they be left wishing they could be men or maybe sunbonnet babies?

Julene Morgan of Salt Lake City, Utah, describes a little-discussed but persistent problem she sees as part of the issue we are discussing. She comments:

Lavina F. Anderson touched briefly on the topic of sexuality and the message our girls receive early on from manuals and lessons. I feel quite strongly about this; I hope that my comments will be appropriate and discreet.

Throughout our growing-up phase, we are taught to be clean and pure--rightly so--but where do we get the preparation needed to understand and appreciate our own sexuality? In our efforts to keep our young girls modest and moral, have we made the transition to full sexual enjoyment more difficult?

Because our world is sex-saturated and overly promiscuous, the baser side of sexuality is constantly paraded before us. If girls are not taught to understand their sexual feelings in an appropriate way, they will face such difficult questions on their honeymoons as: "If I behave--even within the righteous parameters of my marriage--as I see people on the screen and TV and in literature, am I on that same base level?" "How do I suddenly change my attitude from nothing's okay to everything's okay?"

I honestly believe that most young married women are surprised at the intensity of their own sexual feelings and feel incapable of handling the expectations of their new sexual role. Sometimes there is guilt to be dealt with; they find it difficult to reconcile the "Sacred spiritual" image of sex that formed while growing up with the "raw passion" they may feel. It takes a great deal of time to break down the barriers and inhibitions brought about by years of "modesty" conditioning.

Men do not seem to have as great a difficulty dealing with their feelings and indeed seem better adjusted to their sexual role in marriage. My husband agrees that the differences between the teaching and socialization of boys and girls contributes greatly to the problem. As he put it, "Boys don't get hammered with it [the concept of chastity] as much. Girls are often

taught that they have the major responsibility for their own as well as the boy's virginity. Boys don't take it as seriously because they feel that 'the girl will draw the line.'"

How and where do we teach that sex is "fun" and that it can solidify a relationship and add zest to a marriage? I think the Church has the responsibility of teaching morality in a fair way, but because the enjoyment and pleasure of sex is so personal and intimate, are we to expect Mutual teachers to discuss those feelings?

Parents must assume that responsibility. But where are the guidelines? I am really at a loss sometimes in knowing how to teach my daughter something that I continue to struggle with myself. Since the picture most often painted portrays the woman in a passive role, you can imagine how surprised I was when a friend, who was further along in the self-discovery process, told me that my sexual enjoyment and adjustment were entirely up to me. I certainly was not prepared and informed enough to be a contributing sexual partner.

I believe now that every woman has a serious responsibility to make herself an attractive and exciting sexual partner, to learn to enjoy the experience for herself because it is fulfilling to do so. We also have the responsibility of teaching the possibility of such enjoyment to our daughters.

I fault the "church approach" in only three ways: (1) The burden of chastity seems to rest too heavily with young women; (2) Too often the stories and examples given, as well as the tone of the presentations, use fear and/or guilt to motivate; (3) Failure to add to our list of the "traditional" female characteristics--i.e., agreeable, pleasant, spiritual, modest, poised, submissive, beautiful--those qualities that create the image of a strong, assertive woman, self-assured in her role, perpetuates guilt and confusion about who we are sexually.

Could we not perhaps teach that we are all sensual beings? Appreciating a sunset, enjoying the taste of a good meal, feeling the rain on your face, being in tune with a great symphony--these are all sensual experiences. Sexuality is a small but integral part of the great whole. We feel okay about being in touch with what is beautiful and pleasurable in life in these other areas; accepting the things that are pleasing to our physical bodies sexually--"within the bounds the Lord has set"--should be no different.

Her service in the Young Women's program has given Geraldine Woodward of Terre Haute, Indiana, first-hand experience and valuable insights:

As mother to five girls who have completed the YW program and as YW president for over eleven years, I add some of my own observations concerning values and attitudes taught and learned by our young women and men.

At the present time our local YW program consists mainly of Beehive girls. Because these girls are virtually isolated from contact with other LDS girls, their ideas were probably learned either at home or in church classes. In a discussion of their understanding of the function of the priesthood and its relationship to the role of women in the Church, their comments varied greatly. All understood that the priesthood performed ordinances and presided, but their understanding of the role of women in relationship to the priesthood was less well defined. None of the girls said that women were mothers and that men had the priesthood, but all felt that the main role of women was to support the priesthood. Some of the most interesting comments were: "Priesthood teaches men to respect their wives because they don't have the fullness of the priesthood without a wife!" "Women do have the priesthood, but they do not exercise it." "If women did hold the priesthood, then who would support the men?" Apparently none of the girls had been taught that women need the support of men in their church callings as much as men need women's support.

I am convinced that the teacher is more important than the lesson content in teaching values and attitudes. What she presents in lesson materials is secondary to how she is perceived by the girls. Girls are more apt to listen to a teacher who communicates with teenagers, establishes good relationships, and has a pleasing manner. Innumerable times our young women have

told me they actually dislike teachers and speakers who preach to them, do not allow or encourage discussion, and do not relate and communicate with youth.

In our local program, two lessons a month are given by class advisors from the lesson manuals. One lesson a month is given by the YM president on leadership; one Sunday a month, a woman not in the program comes to lead a discussion on a subject in which she has expertise. Two spoke on single parenting in the Church; both were divorced, one from a temple marriage. We have also had "Growing Up LDS in a Non-LDS Environment"; "Going to a Non-LDS College"; "What it is Like to be Mother of Four Pre-Schoolers"; "Working Women, Church Service, and Motherhood"; and "Wise Selection of Movies and TV." The girls comment that the lessons learned in these discussions are invaluable. I have had some negative feedback from ward members, but most has been favorable.

Our youth seem to know doctrinal subjects but are at times ill-equipped to answer some of the hard questions asked at school: "What really is the role of LDS Women?" "How does the Mormon Church view family planning?" Invariably the question of polygamy comes up in history courses, and most youth do not have enough background to make an intelligent comment.

We do not encourage our youth to give thinking answers to questions in church classes. Opinion questions are frequently met only with icy stares. Would it help if they were taught that there is often more than one successful solution to a problem and that adults can have differing opinions and still be active in the Church? We do not all fit into the same safe mold. Let our youth know this. It is easy to teach them to give pat, safe answers, but what does that do to one of our greatest gifts--creativity?

Susan Wakefield, Chicago, Illinois, compares the lessons learned by young women in the YM program with those in the Girl Scout program.

I had an experience a few years ago that has caused me to do a great deal of reflecting. As the Young Women's president in my ward, I had the Laurels (ages 16-17) over to my house for a dinner to honor the graduating seniors. Around the dinner table, the young women chatted excitedly about their plans, their lives, their futures. We had had similar conversations--one on one. They commented: "Well, I'm not sure about college. Maybe I'll just work for a while and get married soon [giggle]. I hope!" "Maybe I'll go to school, but I don't know what I want to be--probably a teacher or a nurse."

What was I hearing? Voices of talented, bright young women, who could have made significant contributions to the world, expressing only narrow, stereotypic visions of a universe that offered much wider possibilities; voices without direction, focus, or goals. But we had just spent six years in the Young Women's program trying to help them realize their uniqueness and unlimited potential as daughters of God. We had worked on a goal-setting program designed to help each young woman develop her individual talents and cultivate a yearning for further development in facets of life as diverse as the study of nature and exploration of culture. Had we failed?

At about the same time, the Girl Scout Council of Utah asked me to do a series of career planning workshops with a group of Girl Scouts (ages 15-17). My experience in discussing life plans with these young women, who were predominantly non-LDS but who apparently came from home environments similar to those of my Laurels, revealed a great difference. The Girl Scouts were bubbling over about their lives with the same infectious teenage enthusiasm that my Laurels had, but they commented: "I want to go to Juilliard to study violin, so that means I have three years to study--I'll work on technique with one teacher, interpretation with another, and get involved in musical activities at school." "I want to be a veterinarian. There are only two schools of veterinary medicine in the West. I'm applying to the colleges with the best biology programs. I'm taking advanced algebra, trig, and calculus in high school." "I want to be a lawyer." "I want to be a dancer, but first I'm learning rock climbing and rappelling. I want to climb Mt. Moran next year." "I want to travel after I graduate, so I am working two jobs to earn money right now."

Because my Laurels' discussions had been so full of talk about marriage, dating, waiting for young men on missions (passively, instead of actively thinking about missions for themselves), I was puzzled that the Girl Scouts had not mentioned anything about personal relationships in their futures. I had to press them about how dating and marriage fit into all their exuberant career/recreational/personal development plans. "Oh, of course," one of them said and others echoed, "we all want to get married and be mothers--but that will come later. We need to prepare for the world first!"

What I heard this time were the voices of young women, who were also talented and bright, accomplishing what the Young Women's program with its Personal Progress Program, well-selected leaders, and uniform lesson manuals had failed to do.

Of course I sought reasons for the difference. One was dramatically stated for me the next year by the Stake Mia Maid Standards Night speaker. She was an exemplary woman whose billing lauded her as "mother of six children, all of whom have graduated from college and served missions, and the wife of a former mission president." We knew what her children and husband had accomplished; we knew nothing of her, making it difficult to make her a role model. She told of her missionaries (read: "elders") who had strong testimonies and desired to find companions who shared their deep commitment to the gospel. She pleaded with the Mia Maids, "Please be special; be valiant; develop your talents so that one of these young men will come along and ask you to be his eternal companion." Click.

I am still troubled by the differences I heard between the two groups of young women and am searching for explanations. But one thing is clear: The Girl Scouts had learned that it was important to develop their talents for themselves and to make their own choices about the shape of their lives. The young LDS women were waiting to be chosen and to be put into a life, a life already shaped--mostly by others and existing expectations. The Girl Scouts knew that every woman must plant her own garden and beautify her own soul, instead of waiting for someone to bring her flowers.

Margaret Munk of Silver Spring, Maryland, points to the need for diversity in the role models for young LDS women:

My oldest child and only daughter has just had her twelfth birthday. As she moves rapidly and eagerly toward womanhood, I could not ask for finer models for her than many of the women with whom we both associate in the Church. Nevertheless, I would like to make a fervent plea that all of us who teach and influence young women try hard to do one thing we have not been doing very well: Prepare them for the many possible turns their futures might take, not just for one particular future that may or may not turn out to be theirs. Somehow, without downplaying the importance and desirability of a solidly based marriage and motherhood, we need to help our young women set other goals for themselves as well--goals that can supplement and, in some cases, replace the traditional ones.

My friend, whose husband is the bishop of a singles' ward, can attest to the importance of preparing young women, in both practical and psychological terms, for the possibility that they will not marry. Too many drift aimlessly and unhappily through their twenties and thirties and beyond--years that could and should be highly productive--waiting helplessly for the realization of this one goal, while feeling unable to establish any others that are meaningful to them. I have reason to feel that we need to prepare our young women for the possibility that, though married, they may not have children or not as many as they may think comprise the ideal family.

Since both marriage and motherhood will come to the majority of girls, it would not be reasonable or right to dwell constantly on these other possibilities, but if we care about the happiness of all, then the other possibilities need to be recognized, not just as unfortunate aberrations but as equally worthy patterns of life.

Even given marriage and motherhood as desirable and achievable goals for most young women, there are so many things they can be encouraged to do earlier that will enrich their entire lives, no matter what their family situations

turn out to be. I would like to see more actively encouraged to go on missions, to find opportunities to travel, to obtain higher education and vocational training, and to develop talents not directly related to homemaking as well as those that are.

To fear that all of this may prove dangerously diverting is foolish and shortsighted. The need to establish a family is deeply implanted in most women, even very young ones, and most young women are not going to forego that opportunity deliberately, even in these "liberated" times. The serious pursuit and achievement of other goals while they are young will not turn most young women away from marriage and motherhood; instead it will make them more self-confident, interesting, contributing people throughout life, no matter what portions are spent married or single. And if self-development opens up the possibility of "conflict of interest" during the years when family responsibilities are heavy, then this, too, is a fact of life that young women need to be made aware of so that they will be better prepared to make choices, set priorities, and establish timetables. We do not ask young men to limit their horizons because they will find later on that they cannot pursue all their goals at once; we should not ask it of girls. Frustration that one cannot do all that one would like to do is a much "better" problem to have than boredom, low self-esteem, and the feeling that one could have done more with life if given the opportunity and incentive.

This kind of preparation would also make our girls better able to deal with the realities that many of them will have to face later on. Economic trends make it probable that many of them will need to help earn their family income, even if they would prefer to be full-time homemakers. It is likely that every Mutual class includes one or two girls who will experience divorce or early widowhood and single parenthood. Others will not, for reasons they may not be able to foresee at the time of marriage, be able to achieve the "ideal" Mormon family life toward which they are being pointed.

Our challenge is to avoid emphasizing the negative and yet realistically prepare our young women for the possibilities so that they have before them more than one image of a successful female adult life. To a large extent this can be done by asking good women living a variety of life styles to work with them. Without words, these women can serve as models that the young women can recall if later faced with similar circumstances. In our ward, the present Young Women's presidency includes a young mother with several small children, a young professional woman who is expecting her first baby and has worked until now as a nurse and teacher, and a woman of strong and positive character who has struggled hard for harmony in a family with teenage children and a non-Mormon husband. I do not know that this variety is by design, but it will have a subconscious but healthy influence on my daughter and her friends.

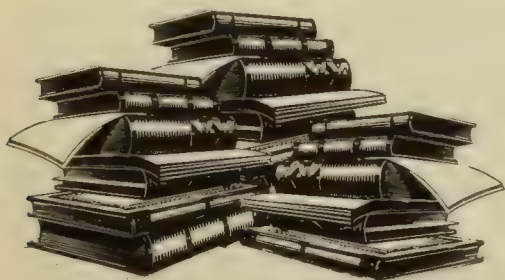
A sense of failure for some should not be the price of "success" for others. We should not encourage our girls to ask less than the best of themselves and of life, but we need to teach them by our words, our programs, and the models we provide that what is "best" is to live happily and constructively and that this is possible under a variety of circumstances.



The summer 1982 "Sisters Speak" column will feature letters from women who have experienced or who are experiencing conflicts in college as they try to define for themselves life goals compatible with gospel principles and with other personal ambitions and desires. If you are a woman who has dealt with these competing pursuits or who has struggled with them, please write and tell us your story. What parts of this process were hardest for you? What influence did others have for good or ill? What things helped you the most? We need your answers to this question by July 1.

To allow all to be heard, we request that you limit your responses to two double-spaced typed pages. This column is the heart of Exponent II, the place where we most clearly come to know each other. So speak, Sisters, speak!

Book Reviews



Women in the 80's: Accommodation or revolution?

The Second Stage, by Betty Friedan, New York: Summit Books, 344 pp., \$14.95.

From Housewife to Heretic, by Sonia Johnson, Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 406 pp., \$14.95.

For those following the women's movement, Betty Friedan's new book, *The Second Stage*, and Sonia Johnson's autobiography, *From Housewife to Heretic*, make interesting reading--perhaps even for those angered or bewildered by "the movement." Even though both women are feminists, and are committed to the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), they are strikingly different in their personal backgrounds, in their experience in the women's movement, and in their view of the future. Betty Friedan, Jewish, educated in the "eastern establishment," considered by some "the mother of the movement," set in motion almost twenty years ago a new consciousness about women that has deeply affected American society. Sonia Johnson, Mormon, educated in western towns and colleges, discovered feminism three years ago as she encountered conflict with the Church with respect to the ERA. Friedan brings to her book reflection and reassessment, and sees a new opportunity in the "second stage" of feminism to strengthen the relationship among men and women and family. Johnson brings to her book the passion and anger of a radical who has just discovered injustice (both real and perceived) and identified the enemy as "patriarchy," and who sees the passage of the ERA as the solution to the problems of women. They both describe much of the tension and strain that some women and families are feeling in their present struggle for definition and recognition within either traditional or radical culture.

Betty Friedan says that the first stage of the women's movement is over. She writes, "Our aim was full participation, power and voice in the mainstream. But we were diverted from our dream. In our reaction against the 'feminine mystique,' which defined women solely in terms of their relation to men as wives, mothers and homemakers, we sometimes seemed to fall into the 'feminist mystique' which denied that core of women's personhood that is fulfilled through love, nurture, and home." She suggests that the reaction against male political influence forced many women into a posture of anti-maleanness and opposition to female nurturing roles that was counter-productive. Friedan argues it is now necessary to move to the second stage to break the polarization between feminism and family, between men and women, and to find new working solutions. She feels the women's movement has gone as far as it can until men and women join together in their efforts.

Analyzing the past, Friedan argues that the anti-family rhetoric and the radical politics of the late sixties and early seventies alienated the women who valued family and home, resulting in the loss of support from an important and probably major constituency of women in this country. The organized venting of rage, the

marching, the "media hype" creating "women's lib" was a serious ideological mistake, locking many women into a mindset that "half a life," as she puts it, was enough.

Friedan's major thesis has to do with family, which she feels is the central issue on the feminist agenda for the eighties. She is concerned that career pressures on young women are frustrating, and inappropriately discourage many from having children. She suggests that family issues, such as good nurturing and work schedules, are issues that men and women must work on together. She argues that cooperative effort is likely to succeed now more than in the past because of the impact of the women's movement on men. Many men are now interested in sharing life on equal terms with women. Friedan sees this as human liberation that will enrich society.

For those outside the women's movement, Friedan's thesis is hardly surprising. It demonstrates her political savvy at incorporating the same values as those who criticize the women's movement--values surrounding the family issue. Change for women cannot take place in a vacuum. The family is the crucible, and if there are to be new definitions, that is where they will be forged for most women.

Friedan will be criticized by some feminists who would question her analysis of the strategy of the past. They would question her assumption that the goals of the first stage have been accomplished. The ERA, its symbol, has not been ratified and probably won't be. The country is conservative on issues of human services and federal support. The economic pressures on women are greater now than ever before. Friedan's critics might argue that a retrenchment to the family is a step backward.

Sonia Johnson may be one of those who would disagree with Friedan's assumptions. *From Housewife to Heretic* is a story of a woman who was shaped by a culture that places God and family above all other values. It is a story of a woman who lived outside the social-political issues of the women's movement until she came into conflict with the Church on the issue of the ERA. Hers is a personal odyssey that moved from the security of church and family into the world of radical politics. She writes eloquently about her early life in Idaho and Utah, and the many moves with her husband and children. Throughout this period, she writes, she sustained a strong spiritual base and church affiliation. In the context of her present feminist consciousness she, not unexpectedly, identifies signs along the way that were harbingers of her new conversion.

Sonia Johnson says that her "epiphany," her moment of truth about the ERA, came at a church meeting conducted by a male leader whose intent was to explain why the Mormon Church was against the ERA. She describes a sudden awareness, what she felt was spiritual knowledge, that what he was saying was wrong. Johnson says, "When he

read those words in that hostile room that night, they took hold of my heart like a great warm fist, and I have not let go for one single second, waking or sleeping, since."

Her "conversion" was total and since that day three years ago, she has been excommunicated from her church, gone through a divorce, and has become a heroine to those who advocate radical change and even revolution if necessary to further political, financial, and cultural equality for women.

The crucible for Johnson was the ERA, but this reader senses that the change had been incubating for some time. The author describes at length her experiences in her church as a young woman and her relationship with her father and her husband. In all of these areas there appears to have been unresolved conflict. It was the issue of the ERA that opened the floodgates and, to her, legitimized the conflict and even the anger that had lain unacknowledged so long. She speaks of returning home the night of the ERA church meeting, locking herself in the room above the garage and there she "... let God have it." She says, "I know this is shocking. But I was coming to grips with the ugliest, most insidious and damaging aspect of my enculturation. In our patriarchal world, we were taught--whether we like to think we are or not--that God, being male, values maleness, much more than femaleness, that God and men are in an Old Boys Club together, with God as president. ... " Sonia Johnson sees patriarchy, which she extends to maleness, as the enemy of equality. She sees the ERA as the solution with very little room for accommodation. She says, "Since I have not only survived but triumphed, I have learned that triumph, not just survival, is possible for women like me, ordinary women everywhere." To her the passage of the ERA must take precedence over everything else, and, if necessary, civil disobedience and revolution are legitimate vehicles for change.

While one must be sensitive to Sonia Johnson's personal struggle, her anger and pain make it difficult to be sympathetic to her cause. Unlike Friedan, who has been dealing with social issues most of her life, Johnson was radicalized when she abruptly discovered "the issue," particularly when the discovery came in the context of the faith which had reared her. One wonders if her lack of social consciousness in her earlier years was not itself a dangerous condition. Johnson's philosophical shift may be similar to that of the scientists who had buried themselves in their laboratories for fulfillment and success, only to become suddenly aware in the sixties and seventies of the social implications of their work. Isolation and even naïveté followed by sudden awareness can itself be a radicalizing process. Perhaps Sonia Johnson failed to deal along the way with institutional ambiguities. Perhaps the male leaders in her ward were not accustomed to dealing with the level of anger she expressed or the kind of questions she was raising. The result was inevitably a collision. Sonia Johnson says her church excommunicated her for her political activity in behalf of the ERA, although many other LDS men and women have worked for the ERA and have not been excommunicated. Her bishop perceived her criticisms as doctrinally based; she protested they were not. She felt there was no possibility of reason for compromise, conciliation, or repentance.

Sonia Johnson's confrontation with the Church is an example of the radicalization process that Betty Friedan fears. Friedan would probably support Johnson's personal struggle, but would see her strategies as counterproductive. Friedan is advocating the coming together of men and women on the human issues of family and work. Sonia Johnson views society as men against women, and radical politics as the instrument of change. Johnson speaks out against patriarchy and the women who support it. She is especially critical of Mormon women, describing them as "sleepwalking victims" of the system. She sees patriarchy and equality as mutually exclusive.

The two books present interesting contrasts in personal style and views on change. In *The Second Stage*, Friedan argues for reflection and accommodation. *From Housewife to Heretic* describes a very different alternative. Wherever one stands in a spectrum ranging from contentment to reassessment to revolution with respect to the roles of women, it is likely that for most women and men the image they have of themselves and the relationship they have with one another will be ones of personal definition as much as ideology.

Grethe B. Peterson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sonia Johnson's Incredible journey

From Housewife to Heretic, by Sonia Johnson, Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 406 pp., \$14.95.

An ocean of tears and a mountain of paper have been generated by Sonia Johnson's incredible journey from Relief Society teacher to radical. Her own contribution to the paper pile, *From Housewife to Heretic*, includes little new or startling information, but the effect of seeing her trip laid out is remarkable. The distance she traveled was such a long one, from spiritual living lessons to civil disobedience, from a private prayer to Mother in Heaven to complete rejection of patriarchal religion.

Because of her collision with time on a controversial topic, Sonia Johnson is probably the most famous Mormon of this century. Anyone who doesn't read her book will have missed out on the story of our era. Her account is not only significant, it is dramatic and well-written, drawn with humor and a novelist's eye for detail. She writes a memorable description, for example, of a black night when she heard "the sizzle of the tires on the wet pavement" while her husband told her their secret "fake" divorce was for real.

This is a chance to get it from the horse's mouth. For the many people who have developed strong opinions, pro and con, without checking the record, now is the time to test those opinions. This version, while decidedly told from Sonia's viewpoint, helps clear up many questions, in part because it spares no detail. Her record helps, since Sonia has already shown herself an inspiration for potent, outlandish folklore: On a recent trip to Utah, she happily denied rumors that she had gained sixty pounds, become a drug fiend or alcoholic, or suffered a nervous breakdown.

While Sonia's story has particular significance to Mormons, it can also be read as another in the wave of feminist sagas that has swept

the country, beginning in the 1960s. Sonia's conversion to feminism may have come late, but it came hard.

And that's the trouble, according to the *New York Times Book Review*. The reviewer claimed that Sonia gave up one authoritarian religion for another one—feminism—and that she was no more enlightened after her radical change than before.

Indeed, there's no doubt that Sonia has the zeal of a convert, but the fact that she told her story in black and white, with testimonial overtones, is clear evidence that she was what she says she was: a believing, orthodox, committed, lifelong Mormon. She told her story in Mormon terms because that's the way she saw the world. Still does, to some extent.

The book's tone aims it at the masses of quiet women who haven't yet or are just now entering feminism's first stage: anger. Dealing with that anger in an open, healthy way has yet to be done by many women, and Sonia's book may help that happen. She is the picture of a woman in the "warrior" phase of feminism, rather than the "complicated-compromise" stage many women's movement veterans have entered.

Many Mormons have rejected Sonia's arguments because of her perceived style—combative, exhibitionistic, zealous. Yet her potent questions persist and are woven through the personal story in her book. Why has the Relief Society been demoted, under Correlation, rather than maintaining its former position? Why are Mormon women kept out of most decision-making positions in the Church, even those that don't require holding the priesthood? Why were Mormon anti-ERA lobbyists told to lobby as "citizens" rather than "Mormons," even when they were working in all-Mormon, church-organized groups? Why shouldn't a member of the Church be allowed to criticize publicly the Church's political activities?

Sonia's description of the trial resurrects its irregularities: a harsh time limit, restrictions on testimony to exclude mention of the ERA, the use of fallible newspaper reports as hard evidence, and having a member of the stake presidency who would later participate in the appeal sit in on the bishop's court.

In *Housewife to Heretic*, Sonia describes her anguish at not being allowed to testify at the high council hearing, nor at the First Presidency hearing that followed. Amazingly, the only church official who heard her side of the story was her bishop, Jeffrey Willis.

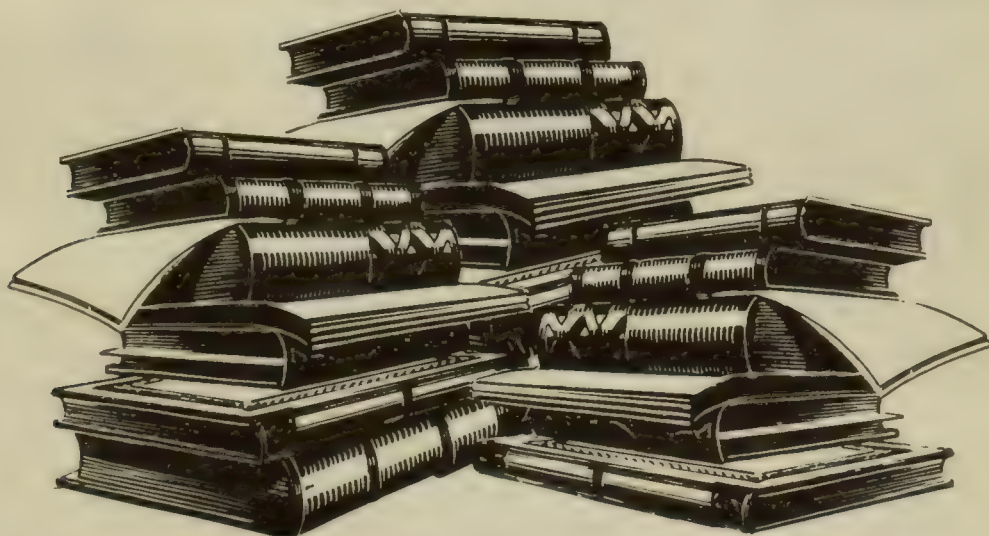
Told in a personal, intimate way, Sonia's account includes the odyssey of her divorce and attendant family conflicts. Freudians may wish to hold Sonia's less-than-perfect husband and father responsible for her view of the patriarchy, but to do so they'll have to blind themselves to the similar pictures many other religious feminists are painting. While social feminism may be in its second stage, religious feminism with its basic questions about the male-dominated heavens is in its first—Freud notwithstanding.

While the story could have been told in less than 400 pages, for Mormon readers all 400 will hold interest. Her description of the pyrotechnical encounter with Orrin Hatch at the Senate hearings is fascinating, as are her descriptions of her mothering her own mother through the crisis. Sonia's philosophizing may be less interesting than her story, but women in the Church struggling with feminist issues will probably find relief in her words.

In the final analysis, *From Housewife to Heretic* is a thought-provoking volume that is worth reading. In the broader spectrum of religious feminism, it is a case study in following the route of head-on conflict, a la Mary Daly, rather than compromise from inside, a la Rosemary Reuther. The score is not in yet on which way works best, but it is clear that Sonia's sacrifice brought a kind of immunity for other Mormon feminists, though few seem to be using it to foster real dialogue and change.

While hers is an account of particular personalities clashing, it is also a story of how one woman provoked a church into a confrontation over important questions she felt deeply about. Reading her book is to walk again with one woman down her own road, and beyond.

Chris Rigby Arrington
New York, New York



Fiction

THE LETTER AND THE MAN

The letter was one of those things you do like jumping off the rock when you don't know how cold the water is, or starting down a ski run in a blinding white-out. You might as well go because you can't stand shivering at the top forever.

I had carefully honed the letter before the interminable bus ride began. Now it rode in my rucksack at my feet, folded in its dusty-blue envelope. Every so often I would take it out and read it again; maybe four times I took it out. Each time it said the same thing. Why didn't it change? Why wasn't it magically rewritten, turned back into one of the many friendly correspondences that had been sent to that familiar address? But that could not be so, any more than the jagged raw edges of the wounds its recipient and I had given each other could be pared clean without the sharp slice of the letter.

So somewhere in Idaho in a small town where the bus stopped, a mailbox became one letter richer.

The man had gotten on the bus in Salt Lake City. As I dropped the letter down the blue metal chute, he was standing on the curb with his hands in his pockets, looking at the pavement.

Me: Hello.

The Man: Hello.

Me: It's nice to have a break.

The Man: Yes.

Me: Did you come a long way?

The Man: From Michigan.

Me: Long ride.

The Man: Where did you come from?

Me: Just Utah.

The Man: It's hot today.

Me: Yes.

When we got back on the bus, he moved up to share the front seat with me. That was a good thing, because all across Idaho people got on at each little town, and I probably would have ended up sitting by the fat man who spread beyond his half of the seat, or the old lady from Nebraska who was afraid of mountain roads and was already fretting in the wide canyons of southern Idaho. One could imagine what would happen to her when we encountered the tight curves in eastern Oregon.

The Man: I'm going to Oregon too.

Me: What part?

The Man: Burns.

Me: Oh, the eastern part. You'll be working for the forest service there?

The Man: Yes, for the summer. What's it like?

Me: Forest. Dry forest. Sunshine.

The Man: Is it nice?

Me: I like it.



The letter was still in the mailbox in the little town in Idaho.

The Man: I study forestry at the University of Michigan. This forest service job will be good experience. And I like working outside.

Me: What will they have you do?

The Man: Work on roads. Drive around and look at trees I suppose.

Me: Do you like the West?

The Man: The sky is so big. Yes, I do.

The last time I saw my friend I had known that it would never again be the same. It was like the last time I saw my grandfather and grandmother before they died; I knew that I would not see them again as they were. It

HERE WE GO ROUND THE BLOCK

There beneath my feet, beneath the blue nylon and leather running shoes, are wiggly-rimmed hopscotch squares. Immediately I think (1) I have been looking at the sidewalks again, not at the well-groomed yards and small pastel houses and (2) I can't hop right right right both right right because of the baby on my back.

The baby is sleeping, his fat body pushed into the left side of the Gerry pack, making me more lopsided, more clumsy than usual. If I crane my neck around, I can see, drooped over the lip of the carrier, his dark hair ruffling the hood of his little yellow jacket. I swing my head gently from side to side, trying to loosen my neck muscles. My gaze gets locked into the ground focus because the carrier thrusts my head forward. I have visions of looking like the bent-backed old ladies who patrol Shattuck Avenue with their polished wood canes and their plastic flowered shopping bags.

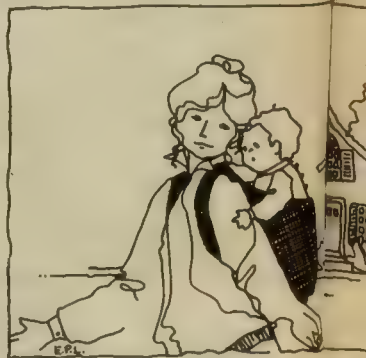
I step in and out of the hopscotch domed square 10. My shopping/diaper/all-purpose bag keeps slipping off my left shoulder. It is not plastic and flowered. It's rough-skinned and mottled. My mother-in-law constructed it out of an old canvas calendar. My mother-in-law recycles everything but cantaloupe peels, and I think she is working on that. She weaves placemats from old pantyhose and paints tin can lids garish colors and makes chains of them to serve as divider curtains. Poorly disguised cottage cheese cartons masquerade as bird feeders on our back porch.

Unlike my mother-in-law, I take pleasure in throwing things away, using them up, sending the garbage truck off full and happy. The baby has diverted mom-in-law from home improvements, though. She's currently remodeling her discarded dresses and sewing scraps into infant wear. Ours is the only baby in the East Bay with a complete wardrobe of bridge club double-knits.

I round the corner, peer in the fingerprinted windows of the sweet shop. Another blue-jeaned woman leans on the glass counter, pointing at the heavy raisin-pocked scones. The baby stirs. If I can't run off a pound or two today, I say to myself, I cannot eat a scone. Or a blueberry bran muffin or a fudgy brownie--or a soft warm bagel from the shop next door. I jiggle my shoulders to rock the baby, and I lumber on.

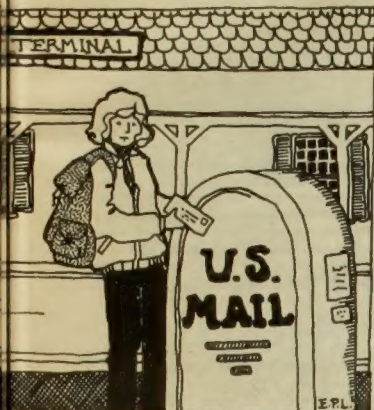
Occasionally, like now, I try the fast walk. I saw it on TV once, an hour-long race in which Frank Shorter bent his knees low, kept one foot always on the ground, and sped smoothly along. I bend my knees low, stretch my legs out, speed smoothly--and foolishly--along. A passing car slows down, but I refuse to turn my head to acknowledge it. My knees ache a little. After a few minutes, I straighten and return to my usual stance and pace. Frank Shorter wasn't wearing a baby, a carrier, a wallet, a spare diaper, and a package of rice crackers.

From when I was teaching full-time, I remember one of the track team runners, a wiry, flat-chested little thing who got pregnant in her junior year. She missed a few state meets that the high school lost without her, had the baby in July, presented it to her mother to care for during the days, and started training with the team in the fall. She won every meet she entered in her senior year. And when I was in the hospital, stretched and sore and utterly exhausted from twenty-two hours on the labor table, the nineteen-year-old in the next bed popped up within an hour of having her baby, washed her hair, and shaved her legs.



The baby carrier is padded of course, but it digs into my shoulders anyway. That's because of the bulky little bundle drooling on the terry edge. Even when he sleeps he drools. I consider returning home so I can take advantage of his dozing. Maybe I can get to page 104 in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. I don't return home. The moment I unlocked the front door, the baby would wake up, look around with startled eyes, smile as I made reassuring clicks. He's not much on words, this kid, but he's really into clicking noises. We've talked about teaching him the Morse Code.

At the moment his clicking has been replaced by purring. It could be a comforting sound if



wasn't a deduction or a guess, it was just something that I knew. With my friend, the knowledge had come to me in the 4 a.m. darkness as I was saying good-bye for more than the few months we would be apart.

The need for the letter became apparent six weeks after that departure. Someone pointed out to me that I was just standing there shivering, and wouldn't it be better to try to ski down out of the white-out, or jump off the rock. After all, I do know how to swim.

The Man: How far to Oregon?

Me: Another forty miles or so.

The Man: Then how far to Burns?

Me: Five hours.

The Man: How much farther to Salem?

Me: I'll have about seven more hours after Burns.

The Man: So you'll arrive in the morning?

Me: Yes. At seven. I have to be at work at eight.

The Man: Will you make it to work?

Me: Yes. The bus depot is near my office. I'll just stop by a coffee shop and have some toast and change into my dress.

In the bottom of my rucksack was my dress crumpled up underneath my running shoes and shorts, T-shirt, jacket, and book.

The Man: Maybe I will feel better when I get there. You know, when I get to know what my job is and get familiar with the people and all.

Me: Yeah. It's kind of tough when you don't know what to expect.

The bus entered Oregon and we came to the tight curves of the Sarrow River valley. The lady from Nebraska became nervous indeed. Had she known how the man and I had been conversing with the bus driver, and how engrossed the bus driver had been in that conversation, she would have had reason to be really nervous. But the man and I talked privately too.

The Man: I just visited a friend in Colorado.

Me: A woman?

The Man: Yes.

Me: Your girlfriend?

The Man: Used to be. She's married now.

Me: Oh.

The letter would probably go from Idaho in the morning. It would take a couple of days to reach Maryland. I could always call my friend and tell him to rip it up unread. What a passing fancy; like wishing the letter would be rewritten. No, neither of those would do.

Me: I just mailed a letter to a close friend. The letter said we can't be friends anymore.

The Man: Oh. Sounds like we both have pain.

Me: I had just put it in the mailbox in that town in Idaho right before I started talking to you.

His beard moved into a smile.

A sharp pocket knife is safer than a dull one. A cut with a dull knife leaves a frayed and perforated gash that heals painfully and leaves an ugly scar. But the wound from a sharp knife is clean; it can heal quickly, and the scar, if any, is almost invisible.

The Man: Why did you have to cut it off?

Me: It wasn't working.

The Man: Did you fight?

Me: Sometimes.

The Man: Were you with him a long time?

Me: A couple of years.

The bus came into Burns when it was dark and the heat of the day had gone. The man and I have class. We didn't exchange addresses. We hadn't even told each other our last names. We knew what our meeting was.

My pocket knife was a gift from my brother. It is a Swiss Army knife, with screwdriver, can opener, toothpick, scissors, and two blades. I keep it sharp.

Polly Tobias
Provo, Utah



That's what sidewalks were for. As a child I always watched my feet even without a Gerry carrier on my back. Careful to step always in the squares, never on the cracks. Noticing but not knowing to philosophize about the weeds that pushed up through the concrete. Seeing occasional footprints and dogprints that some lucky kid and some lucky dog had made before the cement got hard, and wondering how they got the oozy grey stuff off their feet and what they told their mothers.

"You can sure tell that one's a girl," says a rumbling voice, and I look up to see the mailman, grey-suited, a pack on his back too.

"He's a boy," I say. The mailman looks embarrassed. "It's the hair," I add. "Everyone thinks he's a girl."

"Well, he's sure pretty anyhow," says the mailman. "He's waking up now. I talked too loud at 'im. Hi there, Buster!"

I pat the baby's soft leg, the one that usually kicks me in the kidneys when he's awake. I turn my face around so I can see him out of my left eye. "Hi, Sunshine," I say. Click click. I smile at the mailman and bounce my shoulders as I walk. The baby likes contrapuntal motion. Click click, I offer. Click, he answers. He almost never awakens in the day with a cry.

Children in the school playground shriek. I can feel that the baby is instantly alert, focused on them. I press against the heavy wire fence, sideways so he'll have a good view. Even his breathing sounds attentive. I wonder if he will ever tire of watching at playgrounds. There is always motion, always variety.

Right now there is a race. Pairs of runners relaying around the baseball field. The teacher, twice as tall as the children, adjusts his sun visor and fiddles with his stopwatch. He raises

his arm. "Go!" he shouts, lowering his arm like a railroad crossing barrier, an oddly inappropriate gesture. A pigtailed black girl takes off, running unbelievably fast, around first base, around right field. Behind the spot where the center fielder is supposed to stand, she tags her teammate, who starts out a little slowly at first, elbows churning, but works up to a swift even rhythm just about the time she tags the teacher's hand at home plate. The teacher writes something on a pad and resets his watch. Another pair of girls, who have been leaning against the foul ball fence, jump up and down, cheer. Four boys bunch around the teacher.

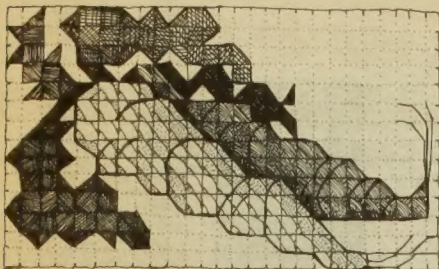
I can't tell who is faster, the girls or the boys. The boys slap each other on the bottom when the last one has raced in home. They've been watching TV. Of course. The other girls' team gets into position. Over my shoulder, the baby is still intent on the children, his little head erect, his brown curls flapping around the hood. I rotate my shoulders, swivel my neck, contemplate my sore upper back. I lean my head back as far as I can and touch heads with the baby, then roll it forward so I can see my too clean shoes.

"Go Sally!" one of the little girls yells, and I see Sally, just tapped back of center field, Sally in her small-sized running shoes and her elastic-waisted pants, Sally running with her chest out, her face so intense that she doesn't seem to be breathing. "Move out Sally," I say softly. "Move on out." She corners left field and runs toward home. She is farther away from us now; we can't see her taut little face, but we can hear her teammates' shouts as she slaps the teacher's hand. For some reason I am unsure of, some reason I feel it best not to analyze, my eyes are wet, my nose is running. I sniff in stoically, and pat the baby's smooth leg. "Come on, Cricket," I say. "Let's go home."

Karen Rosenbaum
Albany, California

it weren't from nasal congestion, congestion that's most obvious when he sleeps. He sleeps on only two occasions--when he's just finished tanking up and when he's in regular, monotonous transit--either in his car seat or the back carrier. The stroller with the fringe on the top he abhors and he can, within five minutes, very satisfactorily twist himself out of the seat straps. He doesn't like the view from down there, I guess. I can't blame him. Nothing nostalgic about hopscotch squares for him. No memories either of jump rope rhymes and jacks and clamp-on metal roller skates with the key hung around your neck on a mateless shoelace.

Frugal Housewife



CONFESSIONS OF A CONFIRMED GARDENER

The first summer of our marriage, my husband and I—not the least deterred by the fact our apartment was five stories into the air, with a narrow balcony our only access to the sun--determined to have a garden. Paul built a large wooden box on legs that we filled with dirt and planted with seeds. I don't remember anything coming out of the dirt that summer. Our neighbor's balcony, however, was like the Garden of Eden--filled with lush, almost tropical growth. He was a Czechoslovakian student, majoring in landscaping. When asked for his secret, he answered, "Manure." I happen to know he also watered his garden.

The next summer found us in an apartment without even a balcony to call our own. However,

Paul's sister lived not far away on a farm, and she offered the use of part of a field for our gardening efforts. Paul's brother-in-law plowed up about a quarter of an acre, and we blithely sprinkled hundreds of seeds into the ground. There was plenty of rain there in Washington state, so we didn't have to worry much about watering. In a few weeks, however, Jean called to suggest that we should think about weeding. In another week or two, she called to say we needn't bother.

The next summer we were in a rented house, with our own backyard. This time nothing was going to get in our way. We had real dirt, a convenient location, and no excuses. We ordered our seeds and planted away. But this time, days seemed to go by quickly, and the watering was often forgotten. In desert Utah, the ground would be parched and dry when we remembered. We hated to "waste" money on fertilizer when the dirt was not our own. After all, we might move next year. We got a few tomatoes that year, nothing more.

The year after that we planted one tomato plant that the Sunday School gave us on Mother's day. It died.

Then we moved to our very own house. This time we were really determined. We hauled in yards of beautiful, rich, expensive dirt. We installed a sprinkler system that would automatically do the chore we were so prone to forget. We bought bags of peat and fertilized. We started a compost pile. Hardest of all, almost every Saturday morning we managed to get out and fight those ubiquitous weeds that seemed to thrive so on all the attention we were trying to lavish on our plants.

But then the miracle happened. The peas came on--buckets and buckets of shiny green pods. Shelled and cooked, or just eaten raw, they tasted sweeter than any candy. Then the beans started coming and coming--enough for dinner, enough to give away, enough even (glory of glories) to can. Then there was, all at once, a bounty of carrots and broccoli and cabbage and beets and squash. Every day I would walk out in the garden to choose what we would have for dinner, and sometimes there were so many yummy vegetables, I didn't even bother to cook any meat. The children even ate up every bite. After all, these were our very own vegetables, not just those impersonal ones we might have found in the frozen food compartment at the store. Gardening was wonderful.

Of course, there were disasters. Our tomatoes grew tremendous vines and hardly any tomatoes. The beans, later on in the season, were consumed by bean beetles. The brussels sprouts had little tiny bugs hiding in each leaf of each vegetable. The spinach and the parsnips didn't even make it out of the ground.

But this winter, we are busily studying the seed catalogues and our garden spot--trying to find space for corn this year, and maybe more winter squash. We talk anxiously to other gardeners about purple pole beans and sugar snaps and what can be done about brussels sprouts bugs.

At the first sign of spring, we'll be out in the dirt with our shovels and our seeds, working toward a great garden. If not this year, maybe the year after that.

Beth Hedengren
Provo, Utah

SATURDAY FRAZZLE

WASH MACHINE
GAS DRYER
DISH WASHER
TURN IT HIGHER

CLEAN THE OVEN
DUSTER MOP
DEFREEZE THE FROSTER
DRIP DROP

BUTTON PUSH
LID SQUASH
DELICATE CYCLE
COOL WASH

LIGHT BRIGHT
BING! RING!
NOT QUITE
JING! JING!

FAN WHIR
TIMER BUZZ
DOWN THE DRAIN
GUZZLE GUZZ

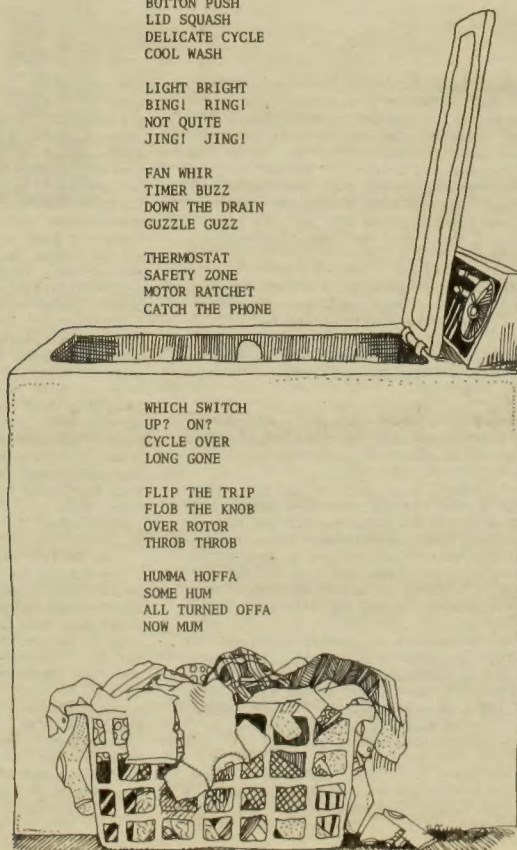
THERMOSTAT
SAFETY ZONE
MOTOR RATCHET
CATCH THE PHONE

WHICH SWITCH
UP? ON?
CYCLE OVER
LONG GONE

FLIP THE TRIP
FLOB THE KNOB
OVER ROTOR
THROB THROB

HUMMA HOFFA
SOME HUM
ALL TURNED OFFA
NOW HUM

Jerrilyn Black
Logan, Utah

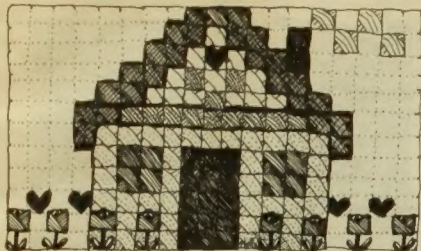


JUST A THOUGHT

One evening when my husband and I were walking together, and in a hurry to get where we were going, I noticed that while we were moving at the same speed, he was taking more steps than I was. That made me think, and I wondered if the reason was that I am more limber (or physically flexible) than he is. Then the oft-repeated words of President Kimball popped into my head: "Lengthen your stride." Interesting, I thought, but when I literally lengthen my stride, it means I am taking fewer steps, not arriving at my destination more rapidly. The outcome of my self-dialogue was a new definition of "Lengthen your stride." Mine is "Be flexible and cover the same amount of ground with fewer steps."

Louise Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah

Cottage Industry



WHEN THE INDUSTRY OUTGROWS THE COTTAGE

What happens when the "industry" outgrows the "cottage"? Jo Buehler and Terrece Woodruff of Ogden, Utah, can tell you first-hand. They recently took the plunge into the national market of stitchery books, and have been successful beyond their wildest imaginings. Their work place is no longer the dining room table, but the four children they have between them still go to work with their mothers, and both women are "still married, and happily."

After getting positive response to their early *Vanessa-Ann Collection of Counted Cross Stitch* design books, Jo and Terrece moved on. They rented space in a regular office building. With no place for naps and only a parking lot for a playground, it had its drawbacks for their children. Faced with running their wholesale business and taking care of their families, they went house hunting. They came up with an older home in a quiet residential neighborhood that offered a unique presentation for the business and a creative solution to the age-old work/child-care problem. They re-did the walls, painted and wallpapered, and Terrece did the electrical re-wiring.

The result included all the comforts of home for the kids--nursery, kitchen, sun porch, and sandbox. The kids can watch *Sesame Street* or make candy clay with their hired caregiver while their mothers design, graph, and do other work in the business rooms of the house. Should there be the need for a reassuring hug or a trip to the hospital with a cut lip, mothers are on the premises to respond. And Lori and Lisa Woodruff, ages 4 and 1, also have the fun of automatic daily playmates in Sara and Justin Buehler, 5 and 1.

Just as their little ones are good companions, so are Jo and Tece. They keep each other going; when one is down, the other is up. Their skills are likewise complementary. Jo is the business whiz, drawing on two years' prior experience in a retail needlecraft partnership. Tece was an art major at Utah State University and a former *Sunset Stitchery* and free-lance designer. Jo pushes the business end; Tece visualizes the artistic.

They happened upon each other at the prodding of a mutual friend. Jo, who was wondering what to do with herself after her shop sold, called Terrece, who had just moved to Ogden from California. "Would you like to work for me on a book?" "I won't come to work for you," replied Terrece, "but I will come to work with you on a fifty-fifty basis." Jo did not hesitate to say, "O.K. Put up half the money!" The two businesswomen had begun.

The start-up period was intense. Neither knew exactly how to begin. There was so much work that every day was a twelve-hour day. A further complication developed when both partners became pregnant soon after they started. To get the designs made up for photographing, they stitched everywhere they went. Jo has pictures of her on boats where everyone else is water-skiing--"and I'm stitching." After taking Sara to nursery school at eight, Jo would come home--"and stitch, not getting out of my chair until one." Then she'd get Sara, fix her lunch, and put her down for her nap from 1:30 until 4:00--"and I'd stitch." After fixing dinner, her husband Scott would take care of Sara while she stitched until midnight--"Never getting out of my chair. Ever."

After a couple of months, they had one cross stitch book ready for publication. When they took it to the printer, he told them they'd never clear printing costs if they did just one book. Three more books had to be put together in no more time than it had taken them to do the first one! They killed themselves. "I've never worked so hard in my whole life!" recounts Tece. Friends Karen Gardiner, Nancy Whitley, and Susan Whitelock also worked themselves to death, helping to carry them through. The Woodruff and Buehler children didn't get their Christmas tree until December 24th that year since the books had to come out January 3.

Continually excited by new designs and ideas and experiencing rewarding success and growth, Jo and Tece now have eleven books on the market with a dozen on the drawing board for next year. Production is less wearing now, since Tece and Jo no longer do it all themselves. At this point, they have twenty employees and forty stitchers. Their stitchers, often women with children who don't want to leave home for a part-time job, usually hear about working for Vanessa-Ann by word of mouth. From Logan to Bountiful, women stitch at night or while children are in school, getting paid for doing work they love. As the women become proficient, there's good money to be made. One woman who used to babysit other children along with her own is now much happier stitching away instead of tending.

The idea of flexible scheduling is working advantageously for Vanessa-Ann and its regular employees. "All our people have families. They can't bring their children to work with them, but they know what they have to do, and they do it." Everyone except Terrece and Jo comes and goes according to her own schedule. For example, Karen adjusts her working schedule to fit that of her husband--a policeman who sometimes works days, sometimes nights--so he can stay home with their children. "Our employees come, they work, they're done, and they go

home to take care of their families. They work harder and get more done in the time they have than many 9 to 5ers watching the time clock. The only problem we have is getting our employees to take a weekend off!" notes Jo. If the company does well, so do the employees, since they are paid royalties as well as salaries.

Another of Vanessa-Ann's strengths is that Terrece and Jo play to the expertise of their individual employees. Early on they decided what they thought each woman was extremely good at and then put her in charge of that particular thing. Karen Gardiner runs the office, Katie Pearce is the comptroller, Margaret Marti is managing editor, Nancy Whitley and Carol Sanders supervise the stitchers, and Susan Whitelock oversees finishing. The result--"They're absolutely driven until they get the job done" because the fit maximizes each person's talents. "There would be no us without them," says Tece, giving credit where due.

Vanessa-Ann stitchery books were the first to give detailed, step-by-step instructions for finishing a project. Before Jo and Tece canvassed the books on the market and recognized a void, no stitchery book described exactly how a piece of cross stitch turned into a piped-edge pillow as in the picture. Jo and Tece wanted people to be able to end up with exactly what was in the photo. Taking a project totally through in painstaking detail to the end assured satisfaction. The bigger companies who've been around ten or fifteen years are now starting to add finishing instructions, but they aren't as complete as Vanessa-Ann's.

To stay ahead of the competition, Jo and Tece are already diversifying. They are designing cross stitch, crewel, and plastic canvas for two of the largest needlework companies in the country. Presentations are being prepared for national magazines. They've created 'Lil Heart, a Strawberry Shortcake-type line of canvas bags and stationery. They publish books of design for quilting, felt, and even dolls. And Vanessa-Ann has only existed for a couple of years.

"Families are very important to both of us, yet so is work." In multiple ways, these women act out this declaration of Jo's. They've gone to great lengths to give their children a home environment with them at work. They have taken the extra step in setting up flex time so their employees can work without placing rigid demands on family schedules. They have the support and admiration of their husbands--now-on-retainer, attorney Scott Buehler and C.P.A. Rocky Woodruff. They make the nine national markets a year occasions for family trips as well as just business. They have the stamina to make it work: Picture Tece at market in Dallas with three-week-old Lisa, or Jo working until the day Justin was born and coming back three days later. Talented and capable, Terrece and Jo artfully combine both worlds.

Marjorie Meads Spencer
Ogden, Utah

The *Vanessa-Ann* collection of instruction books (no kits as yet) are available at most needlecraft shops or by writing to The *Vanessa-Ann* Company, P.O. Box 9113, Ogden, Utah 84409.--Ed.

THE CASE OF THE SQUARE KEPT CORPSE

One of the new members of the ward--a wholesome, energetic, too attractive sister--handed me a note for my husband marked "personal." My emerging jealousy evaporated when I found out that the note was an invitation to a Tupperware party on Saturday the 17th.

A Tupperware party? For men? If my husband went and bought me Tupperware for Christmas, as the invitation enthusiastically suggested, by Easter he could expect to find himself in a six-foot long Square Keeper which I would specially order, carefully burp, and bury next to the compost pit in the back yard.

Still, for whimsy's sake, I imagined him there. I could see him reading the literature with its bountiful exclamation marks: "Welcome to our Party! . . . You can qualify for something special--A Career as a Tupperware dealer is exciting and rewarding!" Maybe he would become a dealer of something other than fistfuls of Rook.

I pictured him learning to burp a Classic Round Seal (having lived through four babies, it should be a snap) or pulling a pickle from the Pick-A-Belli. I thought of him playing games ("Make all the words you can out of T-U-P-P-E-R-W-A-R-E") and winning. Would he choose a hosiery holder or the world's smallest Tupperware for his parking meter money from the goody basket of prizes?

Don't get me wrong. I've gone to my share of Tupperware parties. I even had one myself last year during a brief period of plastic fanaticism. That was when I got the four cereal bowls free and color coded all my children. Jason got orange, Jules yellow, etc. I color-coded not only cereal bowls but laundry baskets, sox lox, and towels. Once in awhile a kid melts his tumbler with a firecracker so I go to a party to get a new one, but usually there are other reasons why I go: 1) I feel obligated--the dealer is a new sister trying to make a living; 2) My

best friend is afraid nobody will show up and she really wants to get the air pot; 3) The lid to my lettuce crisper needs to be replaced and well, why not?

Anyway, my family has outgrown Tupperware--a fifth child has arrived and the 12 ounce tumblers only come in four colors.

P.S. On Saturday the 17th four men showed up for a Tupperware party. There were two boy friends, a cousin, and the husband of the dealer's best friend. I hear the husband went because he felt obligated, the cousin went because he wanted to sign up for a party and get an air pot, and the boy friends, both of them, had cracked lettuce crisper lids.

P.P.S. I didn't have to special order a six-foot Square Keeper after all.

Linda Lambert
Bellingham, Washington

What a Great Idea!

The *Exponent II* tree of knowledge has been an important symbol of an important part of our lives for the past eight years. We hope that all of us--staff and readers alike--have shared knowledge, sisterhood, and love in carrying out the enterprise that is *Exponent II*.

Because of the special significance the *Exponent II* tree has for us (and we hope for many of our loyal readers, too!), Bonnie Wood, a member of the Board of Directors and a fine artist, has created a batik of the *Exponent II* tree. Some are currently available for purchase, and would look beautiful on any wall--your own, or that of a friend or relative. It's a great idea for an original gift.

The batik comes in two sizes, ready for framing (frames not included). Or the large

one may be purchased as a wall hanging with a quilted fabric border. Colors are gold, brown, orange, or blue.

Small (approx. 15 inches x 15 in.) \$30.00
Large (approx. 22 inches x 22 in.) \$50.00
Large batik in wall hanging \$78.00

The supply is limited, so please send us your order as soon as possible. In your request, include your name, address, the color and size of batik you want, and a check or money order for the exact amount. Send orders to:

Roslyn Udall--Batiks
c/o Exponent II
P.O. Box 37
Arlington, MA 02137.



Letters

Editors:

As for the winter edition, I can only say that you have a lot of guts. Nowhere else, not even in *Sunstone* and *Dialogue*, can one find the kind of questions being raised by you folks: Important questions subtly demanding answers. Unspoken questions which jump the reader suddenly from a neutral corner. Faithful questions. Desperate questions. And some answers, too. All of that and entertaining! What more could one ask for?

D. Jeff Burton
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Editors:

I just can't thank you enough for sending me the copy of "Patti Perfect!" [Spring 1979, page 15] for my sacrament meeting talk].

I used Patti as the introduction, and I had the attention of every man and woman in attendance. I went on about how we are striving for perfection--in the process--and how we are so hard on each other and on ourselves. I quoted Barbara Smith's "goals should be stars to steer by and not sticks to beat ourselves with." Also, I spoke about how we should enjoy our journey to perfection.

Everyone seemed to appreciate what I had to say. The bishop told me it was the best sacrament meeting talk he had ever heard and another woman told me it was the most inspirational talk she had heard in two years. (I wish I had made a tape of it!)

Anyway, thanks to my *Exponent II*'s--and the Lord's help--I accomplished what I wanted to convey.

Linda Gray
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Dear Editors:

I have lent my latest copy to a friend, and she said I won't get it back. Seems that she wrote all over it and will order me a replacement. The most surprising thing for her was: "I'm not the only one who feels this way."

RevaBeth Russell
Springville, Utah

Dear *Exponent II* Editors:

Sue Paxman put me on your free list for the Winter 1982 issue, and now I'd like to become a subscriber. Please find my check enclosed.

Even though I am not a Mormon, I found every article interesting, thought-provoking, and, most of all, well written. I was especially impressed by "The Quilt and Going the Other Way," and the Frugal Housewife section. I found ideological fault with "I Set Myself Up," but it really spoke to me as an example of how resilient women are, finding success at the end of a personal failure. I was very impressed, not least of all because I, too, work at home and have felt many of the things Kathy Lillywhite expressed so well.

"5:30 Friendship" was also beautifully written. When I take time for myself, I also feel I am "stealing" something from my family. I try to suppress such feelings, since it's clear that only women are expected to always be there for everyone else. My friendships play an important part in my life, so I try not to rob myself of anything to enjoy them. Still, I understood and respected the way Margaret Black solved her problem.

Congratulations on a fine, fascinating paper.

Elizabeth S. Wallace
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Greetings!

Please renew my subscription! My husband is without a job--we may go without paying the light bill this month, but we will NOT let my *Exponent II* subscription lapse!

One comment--a friend and I were discussing the editor's note on page 2 of the Fall 1981 issue and we agreed that many men have been disappointed with the way "things" have worked out, too. No time to expand that--but it's interesting, isn't it?

Shannon Nibley
Eugene, Oregon

Instructions to Contributors

Exponent II publishes articles dealing with issues of concern to women and of interest to women and men. Our aim is to provide an open forum for the honest exchange of ideas. We accept articles on virtually any subject--personal essays, book reviews, fiction, humor, and poetry. Since *Exponent II*'s contributors and readers are predominantly Mormon, Mormon-related themes are common.

We welcome work from the inexperienced as well as the more practiced writer. Our editors are prepared to work closely with authors to improve their material. All articles are subject to editing with the author's approval.

To help writers new to *Exponent II*, we propose the following guidelines:

1. Revise your work carefully before submitting it.

2. Type your manuscript double spaced and use only one side of the sheet.

3. Place your name, address, and the title of your article in the upper right-hand corner of each page.

4. Although we occasionally publish longer articles, try to limit your article to between five and six typewritten pages.

5. Send an original plus three copies.

6. Keep a copy of your work; manuscripts will not be returned.

If you have considered writing for *Exponent II*, now's the time! Please let us hear from you. Send your manuscripts to:

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Box 37
Arlington, MA 02174

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The cover illustration is Kaulani, a royal princess of Hawaii, who died at the age of 21.

Yes, I'd like to subscribe to *Exponent II*

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